

# Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLICITY

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# CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The mind is like the stomach, it's not how much you  
put in that counts, but how much it digests.

Albert Jay Nock.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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Paul Bussard  
Editor

Louis A. Gales  
Managing Editor

Edward F. Jennings  
Business Manager

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# Catholic Digest

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## Don't Worry!

By D. F. MILLER, C. SS. R.

Condensed from *The Liguorian*\*

Lines without music

There are few individuals in life who escape entirely the bugbear of worry. Some worry all the time about one thing; others worry a good share of the time about many things; almost all worry at least now and then about some things. Worrying is about as distinctive a characteristic of the human species as the more philosophically expressed attributes of rationality and risibility.

However, the human race does not seem to be satisfied to submit passively to this universal characteristic. Perhaps the most frequently given bit of advice in the world is the cryptic command, "Don't worry!"

The only people who seem bent on promoting worry are those who have some healing commodity to sell, like gargles or facial creams or laxatives or remedies for dandruff.

They insist that people worry; they create worries, on the pretext that they can destroy them with their nostrums but with the real purpose of making money off people's worries. Their advice is "do worry!" so that we won't have to worry about getting rich; and many are the deluded victims of their campaigns.

Whether due to lurid advertising or not, there are many worries burdening human hearts that need not be at all. Worry may be defined as a sense of protracted fear. It is that state of interior agitation, distress, anxiety, unrest, trepidation or strain that renders a person miserable and inefficient. Furthermore we mean those forms of fear that have no valid or sufficient cause, even though they are very real to the one they affect.

There are, of course, forms of fear that are healthy and helpful in

\**Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. Jan., 1938.*

human life. Every man should be afraid of damnation, and this fear should be a strong deterrent to sin. Every normal person should be normally afraid of disease, and this should keep him from exposing himself imprudently to danger of disease. It would be both impossible and wrong to try to rid human nature of its healthy fears, because such are the immediate supports of the necessary instinct of self-preservation.

It is unhealthy fear that disturbs the peace of life and unhealthy fear is what we mean here by worry. However, much more is needed than the command "Don't worry" to put an end to the anguish resulting from groundless fear.

One of the most common causes of worry is *vanity*. Choleric and sanguine temperaments are especially subject to it. Vanity is an inordinant love of the excellence of one's own qualities. Whether the excellence of the qualities about which a person is vain be imaginery or real, his inordinate love of them makes for inordinate anxiety as to whether they are being properly shown off or properly appreciated by others. That solicitude often grows to the proportion of real worry.

A young lady who is vain about her looks will find herself worrying constantly about whether her

nose is shiny; whether every wisp of hair is in the proper curl and the proper place; whether there is enough or too much rouge on her lips; whether she is edging toward the plump. This kind of worry can even spoil the natural beauty with which a person is endowed; it sometimes lends a rather furtive look to the eyes, born of the constant search either for a looking-glass or an admirer; it makes for preoccupation during conversation and a sort of artificial tenseness that can be recognized as a sense of fear that to relax would be to disturb in some way the ravishing effect of the beauty that is being presented.

Vanity is even the cause of much of the worry that results in bashfulness and timidity in the social contacts of some people. They have an inward vision of some ideal of social decorum of honor that they want to represent; with vain eyes fixed on that, they grow afraid that they may happen to say the wrong word, or get mixed up in a sentence or make a breach of etiquette. Their hidden vanity renders them unwilling to take the chance, and the result is that they stammer, blush, become reticent—in general, show themselves ill-at-ease and feel interior anguish.

Worries that are due to vanity can be diagnosed as such and prescribed for only by persons who



are willing to answer in undisguised honesty such questions as the following: "Exactly what am I afraid of? Is it not just a loss of dignity, or of honor, or admiration, or praise? Are these the things I pretend to think worth living for and working for? Or rather do I deceive myself, making believe that I am living and working solely for the benefit and happiness of others, while all the time it is my own vanity that is being served?"

"Does not excessive worry about my appearance or my conversation or my work point to the practice of such hypocrisy in myself? And does not such worry frustrate not only my pretended purposes in life, but even the aims of vanity itself, by interfering with my real efficiency and natural abilities? What good is such worry if that be its cause and its effect?"

The remedy that such questions will suggest is a good dose of humility.

Closely allied to vanity as a cause of worry, because it is also concerned with a wrong attitude toward self, is *diffidence*, or an exaggerated sense of inferiority. While the vain person has an exaggerated sense of his own excellence or ability and a fear that he may not receive recognition for it, the diffident person has an exaggerated sense of his incapacity, and the result is the

fear of even ordinary responsibilities.

Modern life presents many types of worry due to diffidence. Hypochondriacs are persons who are diffident about their health, and their tribe has increased since the day the microbe was discovered down through the years that have witnessed both scientific campaigns against real disease and advertising campaigns against imaginary disease. The hypochondriac is seldom feeling well enough to undertake even ordinary tasks, and when he does, fear of some approaching malignity holds him back.

Then there is the spiritually diffident type, marked by exaggerated discouragement over temptation. "I can't" is the most frequent phrase on their lips; the past simply blots out the possibilities of the future with a terrifying dark veil; every temptation is looked upon as a signal for a new defeat; every means of moral strength and courage is deemed inadequate on account of their weakness.

A third type of diffidence as the cause of worry is that of the man who is afraid that he will not be able to fulfill the responsibilities of his state. Fathers of families are especially subject to it.

Since this kind of worry springs from an exaggerated sense of weakness, the person afflicted has to con-

concentrate on analyzing the strength he really possesses, and for what he lacks in that to trust in the Providence of God. A good starting point is the method of St. Augustine crystallized in the axiom: "Others could do it, why cannot I?" The diffident person must take heart from the accomplishments of others less favored than himself.

A third fruitful cause of worry is one not often mentioned but very common: secret and unfulfilled desire of concupiscence. Often people, who wear furrowed brows and anxious expressions, are the victims of the most selfish fear of all: the fear that they have missed or are missing some of the sweets of life. And not infrequently it is forbidden sweets that they are afraid of missing.

Many a married man leads an agitated existence simply because he is inwardly rebelling against what he thinks is the monotony of his home life and secretly dreaming about rare and exotic forms of pleasure and excitement which he has not opportunity to enjoy. Sometimes such a man displaying all the signs of protracted worry, gets sympathy he does not deserve. "Poor man," his neighbors say, "he is not well." This is one instance where gossip is kinder than the reality; because what is really worrying the heart of the man is that he can-

not do everything he likes and enjoy everything he desires.

Many so-called neurotic women have been made such over the non-fulfillment of impossible desires. The motion pictures with their luxurious settings, the cheap "love and passion" magazines, the torrid romantic novels, the newspaper play-up of gay divorcees, the columnists' glorifying of night-clubs and night life have created innumerable desires that haunt sensual men and weak-souled women.

Self-diagnosis in this species of worry is extremely difficult. The worries spring from an entirely false view of life. What makes the state still more difficult to prescribe for is the nebulous character of the desires that are racking the soul.

Despite the difficulty, the sufferer from frustrated concupiscence has to force from himself honest answers to some of the following questions: "Just what do I desire that I haven't got? Forbidden experiences? Sinful pleasures? Freedom from all restraint? Relief from all responsibility? What degrading cowardice to let such desires destroy my usefulness in life!"

"And if I were granted my fill of these things, would I have what I wanted? Did anybody ever find happiness in such things? Are not the soundest values in life to be found in one's work, one's friends,

one's means of *innocent* joy, one's honor, even one's suffering for the happiness of others? Is it not because I realize this in some vague way that I do not plunge into the sort of pleasure-seeking I desire? Then why do I torture myself and others by this secret yearning for what I have not and never shall have?"

Such forthright self-questioning will lead to what the worried sensualist needs most of all: a healthy

mortification of his desires.

There, then, are three causes of human worry. There are sufferers from them who will recognize themselves in the description that has been given; and who will find relief and tranquility only in the application of the remedies that experience has proven. "Don't worry!" we say, but we add immediately, "because you yourself can see the folly of worries of vanity or diffidence or frustrated concupiscence."

### *We Shall Pelt You With Twins*

An experienced Russian lady-translator, having made a new translation of Corneille's masterpiece *Horace* presented it to Gosisdats, the State Publishing office of the U. S. S. R.

The Gosisdats replied by a letter addressed to "Mr. Corneille" wherein it dismissed the French classic with the utmost severity: "Subject—extremely feeble; monologues—endless; personalities—insufficiently defined. . . . Play, nil from the artistic viewpoint, is also so from the point of view of propaganda."

But a play by a certain Olga Forsh in the Soviet Literary Contemporary entitled *The Hundred and Twenty-Second* gives us a fair idea of what is expected from Soviet playwrights. The play is dedicated to the 122nd article of the famous Stalin Constitution which proclaims that "in the U. S. S. R. women are accorded equal rights with men in all spheres of economic, state, cultural, social and political life."

In it women help men in their enthusiastic constructive labors, not neglecting their natural duties as child-bearers to the state. "We shall pelt you with twins," exclaims one of the heroines. The subject of the play is grotesque and incoherent beyond words, but it helps to understand why there can be no place for Corneille in a country where Comrade Forsh is taken seriously.

Catholic Herald, London. (Jan. 6, '38)

# Lo Pa Hong

By FLORENCE GILMORE

Condensed from *The Ave Maria*\*

Chinaman sets an example

The Chinese Rockefeller is dead; he was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, Catholic layman of our time. Rich, he lived unostentatiously and prayerfully, giving to the poor and the afflicted the fruits of his signal success in business; busy, he found time for such daily kindnesses as visits to the patients in his hospitals, to prisoners in their musty cells, and for such acts of zeal as frequent walks through the country-side to preach the Gospel to the pagan poor; revered, not only in Shanghai and its environs, but throughout the Catholic world, he was the simplest of men and the humblest.

Back in 1933, the Rev. James F. Callaghan of St. Malachy's Church, Chicago, thus lauded this great leader of a remote, much-misunderstood, much-afflicted race:

"We often boast of our great works and our Western Christian civilization. I know a man of a race we usually look down upon. He is a great captain of industry with vast business enterprises. Yet he has established institutions for the orphan, the poor, the blind, the old, the insane and even the criminal. He has built a beautiful school to teach trades to boys from all

over his country. He is not content to build these homes and schools, but visits them every day, teaches Catechism to the criminals and has them baptized before they die. He is known throughout the Catholic world as the Saint Vincent de Paul of China. He is Sir Jo-Lo Pa Hong, familiarly known as 'Jo-Lo.' A man of the most profound faith, and the finest Catholic gentleman it has been my good fortune to know. And remember, *he is a Chinaman.*"

Mr. Lo came honestly by his staunch Catholicity. Both his father and grandfather were men of deep piety who spent themselves in the service of the poor.

He inherited money and made it; made much, but kept comparatively little for his own use. Called by Americans the "Rockefeller of China," he laughed at the misnomer, explaining that at home they dubbed him the "Chief of Beggars." He would have needed to be indeed a second Rockefeller to have borne unaided the expense of his far-flung charities—something which he never pretended to do. His fellow Catholics helped him; the rich, among his pagan friends, even more. The Belgian

\**Notre Dame, Ind. Jan. 29, 1938.*

and French Red Cross Societies were generous to him.

Mr. Lo and his associate, Mr. Tsu, another fervent Catholic owned and operated two coastwise ships and four fine ones on the Yangtze River. Their maritime insignia is a gold star on a blue and white field symbolizing Our Lady, Star of the Sea.

In 1926 Mr. Lo came to this country as delegate of the Chinese Catholics to the International Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, where he spoke at a banquet given by the Knights of St. Gregory, of whom he was one. He began by saying, in his careful English, "We have the privilege to come from the ends of the earth to give public honor and adoration to Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist;" and concluded in this wise, "Here in this beautiful banquet hall we have met from all parts of the earth and from all races, in true peace and joy. May this be a symbol of the great eternal banquet in heaven; may we all meet in that great banquet hall prepared by our Father!" For five minutes his fellow Knights of St. Gregory applauded. His speech was the high note of the evening.

Shanghai is (or was) one of the world's great cities, with its population of a million and a half; a city of contrasts, magnificent in

some sections, pitifully squalid in others. To alleviate the suffering which he saw about him Mr. Lo built St. Joseph's hospice, China's largest charitable institution, which ministers daily to 500 dispensary cases and shelters 2,000 men, women and children: the sick of mind and body, penniless old people, wayward girls. He founded, also, Sacred Heart hospital where 300 beds are occupied almost exclusively by the very poor. In its dispensary the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary see every day 600 patients from the slums. The Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic at Maryknoll were asked by Mr. Lo to undertake the care of still another hospital, of 500 beds, reserved for the insane. These institutions required an outlay of \$200,000 a year. What will become of them now?

If hospitals seem to have been Mr. Lo's favorite charity, they were not his only one. He founded schools, and was indefatigable in his care of prisoners. His friends teasingly called him the "chaplain of brigands."

Today Lo Pa Hong is dead, assassinated within the French concession of Shanghai, not because he was a Catholic—that he would have deemed an honor—but through unfounded suspicion that he was pro-Japanese.

# On Top of the Mountain

By MARTIN W. DOHERTY

Built by human hands

Condensed from *Extension Magazine*\*

Last spring a small chapel high in the mountains was crushed by a heavy load of snow that had accumulated on its already sagging roof. We were able to salvage but a small part of the lumber that had been our church before the storm arrived.

The mountaineers who used the chapel were few in number and sadly lacking the cash that was needed to buy new lumber. What to do then? Well, the home missionary in such a plight usually thinks first of The Catholic Church Extension Society.

And so our desperate appeal went forth to The Extension Society. We explained that we had to have an entirely new church because there was no possibility of any restoration in this case. I cannot tell the extent of our joy when word came back that we were to receive \$1,000 for this purpose.

We were having Mass every Sunday morning in the basement of the public school which stood across the road from the ruins of our old church. After Mass one Sunday morning a woman came to offer me a pile of logs her husband had cut a year or so before. I had no idea what I could do with such

a seemingly useless donation.

She had scarcely gone when another woman called. This good lady was offering me my choice of all the timber in a tract just 30 feet from our church property—and from there clear, I think, to the top of Huckleberry Mountain. So! More uncut and unmilled lumber! It began to look like a conspiracy. With all this timber so close at hand—and it being ours for the cutting—the insistence on a log church grew with most alarming and dismaying swiftness.

"Logs! Logs! Logs! Why not build of logs, Father?"

"But these," I pointed out, "are trees. They are not logs."

"Let's cut 'em down and turn 'em into logs."

I got an axe with two powerful edges. That's the kind we use out here in the timber country. I also got a draw knife, an instrument used for scraping the bark from the trees after they've been cut. I called for volunteers and several responded. Soon we were at work in the forest. The church was under way!

When summer rolled around, people from Portland began coming to the mountains for their vaca-

\*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Feb., 1938.



tions. Many of them came to Mass in the school basement chapel. I invited them to join us. Before long there were quite a few Catholic Portlanders helping to build that church in the mountains. The editor of a Portland daily paper, a dentist, the vice-president of a national warehouse company, a group of college students, an insurance company executive—on and on they came all summer long, a grand army of them building a home for Christ up there in the timber on the slopes of that glorious mountain.

What music we made as we worked for the Lord, our Master! "Good old mountain music." We sang of this and we sang of that. We sang of the Volga boatman as we drew our long, sharp blades the entire length of those giant logs. The bark was flying in all directions, scratchy particles of it forever clinging to our perspiring bodies. The pastor was hailed, as a general rule, as "good, old Simon Legree," and he didn't seem to mind it. Ever and anon some thoughtful soul would come along with refreshments. Time out, then, for a minute or two—and back to work again with a will.

The first pile of logs was now gleaming white in the sunshine. But we needed many more than that. We needed logs at least 50 feet long

for the body of the church, logs that would not taper too much in that required length. You may imagine the height of the trees we had to cut to give us 50 feet of straight, untapered timber. And we needed 12 such logs as these. We found them all within a few hundred feet of our own property, fir trees that seemed to reach at least half way to heaven.

The logs were dragged through the woods by heavy chains attached to a powerful auto truck. They were sorted at the church for their varied uses. The foundations were built of rock that was gathered in the churchyard. The logs were laid upon these rock foundations according to the ground plan of our building. Logs were also used for joists and underpinnings. The subfloor was laid upon these—then up went the walls, log upon log to the point where the roof was to start.

At the corners where the logs intersected they had to be hewn out in semi-circular form so they would rest tightly against one another. The job of hewing was all done with the cumbersome double-edged axes that I have already mentioned. When those chaps had hewed them to the necessary depth, they looked as if they had been cut with band saws and sandpapered to perfection. When they were laid in place you could not slip a piece of paper

between joints, so tight they were.

What tools! What tools! Axes and adzes and heavy sledge hammers, crosscut saws just six feet long—and not an ordinary carpenter's kit anywhere in the neighborhood. Blocks of cedar were cut with draw knives into rather thin slices which we call shakes. We used them to cover the gables. They last much longer and look much better than ordinary shingles.

Logs were used on high for rafters. Logs were used for beams and purlins, the lengthwise timbers and crossbars that tie the roof together and support it. The rafters were covered with common interlocking shiplap, the sort of stuff they use in building concrete forms and barns or woodsheds. Over this went a roof of cedar shingles. Our building was erected!

And then the interior. We used no ceiling on the inside, leaving the building open clear to the roof. Across the sanctuary went a row of upright logs the same height as the walls. A horizontal log about a foot in diameter was laid across that row of logs and another upright row was laid on top of it.

The altar, too, was built of logs. It is strictly liturgical. The altar logs were cut from dead trees and only partly peeled. When the bark is left on a dead tree it will cling to the log forever. The inner bark

which remained upon those logs was of a deep russet color of a texture that resembles damask. And that is about all there is to the altar—just a row of partly peeled logs, but there is all the beauty of an autumn woodland locked in that bark we left upon them.

High over the altar is a canopy. The frame of the canopy is also made of partly peeled logs. Inside the frame and hanging from it to the altar is a gorgeous piece of gold cloth with figures in many other colors woven through it. On each side of this cloth of gold are draperies of russet Florentine velvet. These draperies once belonged to the Catholic church in Rainier, Oregon. A renovation of that church made them no longer useful there, so they were given to us for our new chapel in the mountains. They fit into their rustic surroundings with surprising harmony.

Then came another splendid donation, a large crucifix carved from birch wood by a local artist, who had learned his art in Switzerland.

The pews, too, were made of huge cedar logs, cut in two to form the benches. The legs and backs were made from sturdy saplings. The kneelers were made in the very same way. The candlesticks and the holy water fonts were made from logs. The altar railing, another half log, is held in place

with saplings placed in slanting lines.

Lastly, we closed in our logs completely against the coming of winter. Oakum, the rope-like material that plumbers use in stuffing joints, was packed tightly between all the logs. Chinks were made of quartered saplings and nailed tightly between the logs, both inside and out. Quarter-rounds of saplings were nailed, too, around all the doors and windows. Not a puff of icy mountain air, nor the slightest

flake of snow could find entrance to our building after that was done.

We have no electricity, so hanging lanterns supply what light we need. Kerosene fills the lamps and makes us feel that we are still pioneering. Water is brought in buckets from a nearby spring. Heat is supplied by a stove in the back of the church. And so, in spite of our reredos of cloth of gold and the Florentine velvet draperies, we are still as rustic as the mountain country in which our chapel stands.



### *The Real Meaning of Words*

The words *Protestant* and *Protestantism* invented in Germany, were taken over literally by England and anglicized with a vengeance. The German word is *Protes tant*; the English changed its orthoëpy to *Prot estant*; the correct pronunciation is *Protest ant*.

While we can understand that one who *protests* may be called a protester or a protestant, we fail to see any logic whatever in the English word *Protestantism*.

One who believes in the teachings of Karl Marx is called a Marxist, while Marx's collective teachings are labelled Marxism. There would be no sense in saying *Marxistism*. We speak of a Socialist, and describe the collective theories of the Socialists with the term Socialism; we do not call it *Socialistism*. A follower of Buddha is a Buddhist, his religion is Buddhism, not *Buddhistism*.

The English word *Protestantism* is, to say the least, a hybrid word: of known parentage but without ancestry. It should never have been incorporated into our nomenclature. Even the dictionary cannot define it save in vague and irrelevant terms. We hold that since a *protestant* is one who *protests*, the system born of and built around *protest* should have been called *Protestism* not *Protestantism*. If this had been done much trouble in the world and many misunderstandings would have been avoided.

S. A. Baldus in *Extension Magazine* (Feb. '38)

# Customs of the Customs

By JOHN RYDER

Man bites dog

Condensed from *The Cowl*\*

A pier on West Street, when a transatlantic liner docks, is a scene of wild confusion. If a stranger attempts to go towards the gang-plank to meet someone, he finds his way blocked by a fence and guards. Some of the confusion is cleared up when he learns that the whole pier is in control of the U. S. Customs authorities. It is their business to prevent smuggling and to collect revenue. For the same reason the baggage of every passenger is piled upon the dock for inspection. The passenger must draw up a "declaration" of what his baggage contains and the value thereof. The Customs Inspector has the duty of examining the baggage to verify the truth of this declaration.

"How many people try to beat the Government?" is a question that a Customs Inspector is oftentimes asked. There are a thousand degrees and a thousand ways of beating the Government, but let us draw the line very tightly and answer the question definitely and decisively. The law reads that every person is allowed to bring in free of duty \$100 worth of goods purchased abroad. On every penny over \$100 duty must be paid. There is the law. Now, how many try

their best to circumvent it?

The answer may be surprising, but to be strict I must say 98 per cent. Of all the travellers returning from Europe 2 per cent are pure, but 98 per cent in a petty way or in a big way try to beat the Government and of the 98 per cent, 90 get by and eight are tripped up.

The 90 think they are getting by. They are people who should have a declaration, for instance, of \$115 but by juggling and petty fraud they work it down to \$98.45, just within the law. Sometimes we ask them, "Couldn't you possibly have made that \$98.44?"

So there are, roughly speaking, three classes of people who walk down the pier with the Customs Inspector to where their baggage is lying on the dock. Let us look them over.

Here is a party that falls within the 2 per cent class. The name is Jones. The total on the declaration is \$4,200. I see Jones standing there with the bills in his hand. He has the exact bills from the firms in London and Paris where the purchases were made. He introduces himself, "From Oklahoma City, Oklahoma." (Evidently one of the oil Joneses.) "This is Mrs.

\*110 Shonnard Pl., Yonkers, N. Y. Jan., 1938.

Jones and this is my daughter, Evelyn. I think everything is O. K. You see I have the items numbered on the declaration and the corresponding number is attached to the bills. Evelyn knows all about it. In fact, she drew up the declaration."

All right. Fine. They are evidently honest-to-goodness Americans who want to give their Uncle Sam every cent that is coming to him. They are ready to pay duty on a \$4,200 declaration. Now you start looking over the items. "One cape, \$200; silk shirts, \$75." Then, you start to work.

"Now, Mr. Jones, I hope Mrs. Jones won't be disappointed but that cape is worth only \$150. We know the standard prices and for that garment she was overcharged \$50. Fifty dollars comes off the declaration. "How long were you in London? Six months? And you bought the shirts a few days after you got there? O. K." He can deduct 10 or 15 per cent for wear. In this way a high "deck" may be reduced by several thousand dollars. There is no use in rummaging through the compartments and corners of every bag they have. The Government wants this type to get quick and courteous service and they get it. They can be off the dock in just a pair of minutes.

Now turn to one member of that

great 90 per cent who think they are putting one over on their old Uncle Sam. The key to the situation is: Common sense and standard prices. Common sense tells me that only once in a blue moon will the amount of a tourist's purchases in Europe reach the very convenient total of \$99.77. Then, here is the lesson of standard prices. When I see a Rogers coat marked at \$40 (they never sell at less than \$50) and a \$7 silk shirt declared at \$5, I know what game the boy is playing. We let him go ahead and do it. Why don't we stop him? Like Mrs. Jones, he was stuck for some of the things he marked high. Some of the articles have been worn and he gave himself the breaks for wear that the inspector would have given him. When you allow for these things, it is not worth the inspector's time or the Government's time to try to nail the fellow for the few remaining pennies, so we kid him along and say, "All right, brud. Close up the trunk and when you get to Pasadena tell the boys what dumb eggs the New York inspectors are."

"But, but—what're you talking about?"

"It's O. K. Tell the folks in Chicopee how smart you were getting past those thick U. S. Inspectors. Bye-Bye."

But here is a different type from



either Mr. Jones or the boys from Pasadena or Chicopee. There is no modesty whatever in this gentleman. He has a Rogers coat marked \$20. He declares a tweed suit at \$18. That's enough to start the fun. At that you've got to say, "Wait a minute. How much did you pay for that suit you're wearing? What did I pay for mine?"

Then you begin the examination and he begins to fight. He asks you, "Do you know Mayor La Guardia? Do you know Al Smith?" He asks you how long you've been an inspector and you tell him, "It's none of your business. What you ought to be interested in right now is this examination." Then he tells you he'll bump you out of your job. He talks big but he's the kind that usually ends up in tears. His \$150 declaration is pushed up to \$350 and the office gets every cent.

When face to face with people who are trying to beat the game, the inspector is struck by their queer combination of cleverness and stupidity. They may be keen business men. They may have doctored their declaration most skillfully and yet they miss up glaringly. It was their first trip to Europe, and they forget that the inspector

knows the London and Paris firms better than Macy's basement and he knows a tourist's baggage better than his own back yard.

Very few really get by. I have told about the 90 per cent who think they are playing a deep game as thrilling as that played by the pirates of old, but they are really like a father with a boy four years and three months old who stealthily sneaks the lad through the subway turnstile. Few real offenders get by. A little psychology is enough to make the inspector distinguish people. This elderly matron may not be "Smuggler Lil," the terror of nine ports, but still she must be putting something over on Uncle Sam when she declares a \$250 fur coat along with a \$5 hat to go on top of it and a \$4 pair of shoes to go beneath it.

The inspector's awareness and experience take care of the ordinary tourist. The large and important purchasers are controlled by an elaborate system of, shall we call it, observation? Yes, there is a spy system which follows an expensive diamond, let us say, from the time it is purchased in Paris until it turns up in the port of New York. But that is another story.

Mr. Lo Pa Hong was the general manager of the Chinese Electric Power Co., Ltd., the Chapei Electricity and Water Works, Ltd., the Shanghai Inland Water Works Co., Ltd., the Ta-Tung Zung Zee Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., director of the tramcar company of Shanghai. He called himself "The Coolie of St. Joseph."—Edward Duff, S. J. in *The Sign* (Feb. '38).



# A Woman Was Patriotic

Near posthumous eviction

By MAUDE GARDNER

Condensed from *St. Joseph Magazine*\*

It is estimated that Mount Vernon has about a half million visitors annually, and in this respect it probably surpasses any spot in interest in America. And visitors today, perhaps, find the place more as George Washington knew it than at any time for the past 100 years, for numerous restorations have taken place as a result of diligent research among old records and papers relating to the mansion.

Many people go to Mount Vernon with the idea that the last home and burial place of America's first hero is the property of the U. S. Government, and are surprised to learn that the Virginia estate is owned by a band of women, organized nearly 90 years ago for the purpose of saving the venerable mansion from ruin.

In 1850 Mount Vernon belonged to John Augustine Washington, a great nephew of Gen. Washington. For some reason the estate did not pay well. Its income was inadequate for the high taxes and costly upkeep, so at last, reluctantly, Mr. Washington decided that he must part with the home of his famous ancestor. Naturally he wanted the place preserved, and with this in view he offered to sell the estate

to Congress for a national memorial. His offer was refused.

Then he proposed that the State of Virginia purchase and maintain the home of its most noted son. But again his offer was turned down. All this time, Mount Vernon was sadly deteriorating. The roofs leaked, the porticoes were sagging, the steps broken, and the lawn presented a desolate appearance.

Help, however, from an undreamed of source was coming to save Mount Vernon. It was on a sick bed in her South Carolina home that Anne Pamela Cunningham learned of the sad news about Washington's home on the Potomac. Although she was a helpless invalid, this South Carolina woman determined that Mount Vernon should be saved for posterity.

By means of letters and newspaper articles, Miss Cunningham appealed to the women of America to save Mount Vernon for the nation, and from different sections of the country came immediate, hearty response. Somehow, the courage of that frail Southern woman never faltered, and finally, with the help of American citizens all over the land, the required sum was raised. Mount Vernon became

\**St. Benedict, Ore. Feb., 1938.*

the property of this patriotic group of women, the first of its kind in the U. S. to be authorized by law to hold land.

It took years of patient labor to bring Mount Vernon back to its original condition. In fact, the

work of restoration has never ceased, as is attested by the recent changes made at the historic estate, but the visitor to the great shrine of patriotism today finds it very nearly the same Mount Vernon that George Washington knew.



### *Nun Routs Army*

The old monastery of St. Clare, at San Damiano, in Assisi, contains a case in which are preserved a number of precious and interesting relics connected with St. Francis and St. Clare. Among these treasures is the vessel, now usually referred to as an ostensorium, in which the Sacred Host was contained, with which St. Clare confronted the barbarian invaders of Central Italy. The story is well known of how a certain band of Saracens, in the employ of the Emperor Frederick, after plundering many towns and villages in the valley of Spoleto, made their way to Assisi, at whose outskirts stands the convent of San Damiano, the original home of the Poor Clares. The nuns in terror rushed to the bedside of the Mother, who despite her illness, rose and took into her hands the vessel which enshrined the Blessed Sacrament, and standing at a window confronted the invaders. The latter, as history relates, were seized with panic and threw down their arms and fled.

The vessel, which St. Clare bore in her hands on this occasion, is the one which is preserved at San Damiano. It is usually described as an ostensorium but it is more like a ciborium, with an elongated cup, in appearance rather like a lantern. The material is alabaster and naturally too opaque for the Sacred Host to be visible. St. Clare died in the middle of the 13th century at the period in which the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the church and the carrying of It in procession first came into familiar practice in the Church. Evidently, in the early processions of the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred host was not exposed to view but carried enclosed in a vessel, similar to that used by St. Clare on the historic occasion referred to above.

William J. Lallou in Emmanuel (Feb. '38).

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# Beatification

Mechanics of sainthood

By HERBERT THURSTON, S. J.

Condensed from *The Tablet*\*

It is not the Pope who is anxious to make saints, but the people who have to be restrained from making them too easily. The impulse comes, not from above, but from below. The faithful of some particular locality, impressed by the virtue, the suffering, or the miracles of one who has lived in their midst, are convinced that he must be dear to God and are eager, while invoking his intercession, to pay him such honor as their devotion suggests. For many centuries no other sanction was sought than that of the local bishop. With his permission the sacred remains were disinterred and enshrined in some more conspicuous place. Following upon this "elevation," Mass was celebrated each year upon the anniversary of him or her who was so commemorated, and this *dies natalis* (heavenly birthday) was entered in the calendar of the diocese.

This was the first step in what we might describe as evolution of the process of canonization. So far as it went, it corresponded rather closely to modern beatification. The holy people who were so honored were entitled only to a restricted veneration, and the recognition of eminent virtue has no binding force

for the Church at large. But often the cult, which seemed to be favored by miraculous answers to prayer, spread to other countries. Relics or representative tokens were conveyed to a distance, and in these new shrines they became the nucleus of a fresh manifestation of popular enthusiasm. The local martyr-lists and calendars borrowed from one another, and when a name was famous, such, let us say, as that of St. Cyprian, St. Basil or St. Athanasius, it was soon adopted everywhere, and the cult was thus ratified by the acceptance of the universal Church. To this day the majority of feasts, which stand in the calendar of the Roman missal, commemorate saints who had no other canonization than that which is involved in this general approval. No formal pronouncement of the Holy See has ever proclaimed them holy, and no evidence of miracles performed was deemed necessary for this recognition.

It is, however, obvious enough that any such rough and ready canonization by popular acclaim, subject only to the sanction of the local bishop, was open to grave abuses. The enthusiasm of the crowd is not always discriminating, nor were

\*39 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4, England. Jan. 15, 1938.

medieval bishops in all cases sufficiently learned or vigilant to cope with all the indiscretions—and not seldom the frauds—of foolish or mercenary promoters of a new cult. In the course of time the Holy See found it necessary to intervene, or, more correctly, the Pope began to be appealed to to ratify a decision already arrived at in practice. The first papal canonization is believed to be that of Bishop Ulric of Augsburg, who died in 973 and was formally declared by Pope John XV 20 years later to be entitled to the devout veneration of all the faithful. Then in the latter part of the 12th century, Alexander III reserved to the Holy See the right to pronounce when the claims of a candidate to saintship were in question; and, although for a time local cults still grew up and flourished in many places without much interference, the principle that a valid canonization could only be effected by a papal bull of a very formal kind eventually came to be everywhere recognized.

Down to the beginning of the 16th century, or even later, there is little evidence that any significant distinction existed between the terms *beatus* and *sanctus* as applied to holy people, nor does the word "beatification" seem to occur with a technical meaning which opposes it to "canonization." But with the

close of the 16th century, or possibly earlier, a quite definite distinction was established between the *beatus* and *sanctus*. By the papal decree of beatification the veneration of a particular servant of God was permitted, but with limitations confining the public expression of the cult to the celebration of Mass in his honor or the exposing of his picture or relics to certain localities, or to a certain religious Order, or to churches to which the privilege was specially granted. Even so, there was for a long time no public solemnity in St. Peter's at Rome to celebrate the papal approval of the virtues of the newly beatified. The first public function of this sort, such as now generally takes place even for an "*approbatio cultus*," seems to have occurred in 1662, under Alexander VII on the occasion of the beatification of St. Francis of Sales.

Since the pontificate of Urban VII the procedure in beatification causes, in spite of some modifications subsequently introduced, has been definitely regulated, and remains quite distinct from the canonization process which may supervene. It consists essentially in a petition addressed to the Holy See by some person of credit, or some corporate body, such as a religious Order, that a process of inquiry may be set on foot regarding the



sanctity of a particular individual who has died in the repute of holiness. If the petition is acceded to, a postulator of the cause is appointed, who approaches the bishop of the diocese concerned with a view to the institution of an "informative process" in which witnesses are interrogated before a court of ecclesiastical judges in accord with a carefully drafted questionnaire, and these dispositions are recorded in writing. The court, composed of a president and at least two assessors, conducts the proceedings in the presence of an official critic, "the promoter of the faith," who though he cannot himself cross-examine the witnesses, can call upon the judges to put questions which he considers desirable. All the evidence having been heard, the *proces verbal* is sealed up and despatched to Rome, together with letters from the judges and the promoter of the faith, but these are not opened until after the writings of the servant of God have been read and approved, and the question arises of the formal "introduction of the cause." From the materials provided by the "informative process" a summary of the case is printed and distributed to the Congregation of Rites. To this are commonly added some specimens of the petitions which have been addressed to the Holy Father, begging that the matter of

the beatification may be taken in hand without delay. If all is approved by the Congregation, the sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff is obtained and the cause is thereby formally introduced, the first stage in the process being thus completed. The servant of God, however, according to present legislation, is not yet entitled to be styled "Venerable."

There still remains, in fact, very much to be done. Letters are addressed to the Holy Father to obtain the signing of "*litterae remissoriales*" in which a new examination of witnesses in the diocese of origin, called the "*processus apostolicus*," is conducted before judges, this time deputed by the Holy See itself. It is only after this evidence has been collected and discussed, that the material is again submitted to the Congregation of Rites, who pronounce a series of verdicts, first on the proof of the repute for sanctity in general, then on the validity of the process, then on the heroic character of the candidate's virtues in particular, then on the supernatural origin of the miracles adduced, and finally on the question whether a decree of beatification can safely (*de tuto*) be pronounced. At all these stages, often separated by considerable intervals of time, opportunity is given to the Promoter of the Faith to expound and print his

objections. After a favorable decision has been arrived at as to the heroic character of the virtues, the candidate is entitled to be called "Venerable," and when the deci-

sion *de tuto* has been reached, the papal decree of beatification and the solemn proclamation in the Vatican basilica usually follow without notable delay.



### *Peter's Pence*

originated in England back in pre-Norman days. This tax on each household was known under various names, such as "Romscot," "Romepenny," "Peterspenny," "Hearthpenny," and "*Denarius Beati Petri*."

From this yearly tribute Peter's Pence originated. King Ethelwulf, in 855, pledged himself to Pope Leo III to send annually 300 mangons (\$1,500) for the lighting of the Basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul, the residue to go to the Pope himself. King Offa guaranteed to the Papal Legate present at the Synod of Chelsea in 787 the sum of 365 mancuses (about \$900) as the yearly contribution of his kingdom. From the 10th century separate mention is made of the king's gift—as in the case of Ethelwulf—and the Hearthpenny, the levy on each household. This latter was the people's contribution, and was paid annually before St. Peter's Mass-day, which is Lammas, the Feast of St. Peter's Chains, August 1st. As far back as 1031, Peter's Pence was regarded as an ancient custom in England. There is evidence of this in a letter of King Canute of that year. After the unification of the smaller kingdoms, the levy of Peter's Pence became general over the whole country.

The conquering Danes continued the custom to the time of Harold II, the last of the dynasty. The Normans kept up the traditional tribute though it is recorded that Edward III tried to suppress it in 1365.

Eventually the levy was abolished entirely by Act of Parliament during the reign of Henry VIII in the year 1532. Mary Tudor's repeated efforts to revive it were unsuccessful. Peter's Pence was again heard of in 1848, when Pope Pius IX was forced by a band of revolutionaries to fly from Rome. Some credit Montalembert with its revival. Others assign the honor to St. Michael's Confraternity in Vienna, and contend that with the growth of the confraternity all over the Catholic world, the free-will offering of Peter's Pence became universal.

# Iowan Clocks

Farmers whittle to fame

By JEANETTE HEGEMAN

Condensed from *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

One motoring near Ridgeway, Iowa, might see a small arrow with the word *Clocks*. Traveling over a stretch of winding country road, not more than three miles from the pavement, he will reach a farm entrance, to the gatepost of which is fastened a small clock. The tourist should know that this is the Bily farm. The large parking field will be lined with cars; and if it happens to be a Sunday or holiday, there will be a steady stream of sightseers pouring through the clockhouse, where Joe and Frank are answering questions about their handicraft. Out at the entrance their sister stands, collecting the modest fee of ten cents from all visitors.

Eighteen large clocks of marvelous workmanship line one side of the building; and many smaller ones fill glass cases on the other walls. Nothing is for sale. Money does not tempt these men. "Yes, we have traded a few of the smaller ones," they will tell you, "but we've never sold any. Those we traded for rare woods and other things, were just machine-made. They had no history."

Back in 1915-16 the Bily brothers, who are Catholic and proud

of it, made their first famous clock, the intricately-carved Apostle Clock, where the 12 Apostles parade every hour when the chimes play. Four kinds of wood make up its construction: oak, black walnut, white holly, and boxwood. Six years later, the men made an even more elaborate Apostle Clock. This represents a Gothic cathedral.

The American Pioneer History Clock is one of the tallest ones, being nine feet, eight inches high. It is made of cherry and walnut panels, every one of which represents some phase of life in pioneer days. Four winters were necessary to complete this beautiful piece of work. Every hour the chimes play and every half-hour little figurines parade. These depict the four ages of life.

The Parade of the Nations Clock is another of the largest clocks and among the most interesting. Every Bily clock tells some story. In this one, made 1932-34, there are 32 carved figures, dressed in their native costumes, to represent the nations of the earth. The little people stand side-by-side around the revolving globe. It requires no stretch of the imagination for one to discern the plea for peace in that.

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Feb., 1938.

Altogether there are 66 clocks in the museum and most of them are in running order. No wonder the building is a medley of sound when the hours, half-hours, and quarter-hours arrive. Chimes, organ-playing, gongs, and cuckooing fill the place. Even a bird in the Clock of the Forest sits on a tree limb and sings like a real canary; and at the top of one of the tall hall clocks, a quail comes out and calls "Bob White!"

One takes his place at the railing and follows the crowd along, trying to grasp all the details of these beautiful works. He will see that the brothers are not averse to advertising other interesting spots in their country, even if they do not seek it for themselves. Over in the corner, on a mahogany cabinet, rests an exact replica of *The Little Brown Church in the Vale*, near Nashua, Iowa. Since this church is the mecca for marrying couples in the middle west, the Bily's have made it true to life. When the hour strikes, the organ starts to play a wedding march and a tiny bride and groom and their attendants come from the rear of the church, walk slowly around to the front, where they enter. Automatically, the doors close behind them and they await the stroke of the next hour, when the performance is repeated.

It was 22 years ago that the Bily's took up clock making as a hobby; and eight years ago the clocks were placed on display. At first they were to be seen in the farm house, but it soon became necessary to build a clock house and work shop combined. Ever since people first heard of these clocks, the world has been beating a path to the Bily farm. Here it was that these brothers were born and where they have always lived. Now the place is leased to neighbors. Joe and Frank are too busy displaying their clocks and answering questions, to have the upkeep of a farm on their hands.

Some of the wood used in their work comes from their own land. Maple, walnut, and oak abound in their section of the country and much use is made of it if the grain is just right. Butternut, too, grows in the vicinity; and some of the best work is done with that wood. But when it comes to hollywood, mahogany, and rosewood, orders must be sent far away. This is where exchanges have been made.

"When do you close the clock house to tourists?" someone asked Frank, who is usually the spokesman. Joe is very shy.

"We don't close it," was the quick reply. "It closes itself—it and the snow."

Day in and day out, when snow

covers the land and the wintry winds howl around their clock house, these two quiet, plodding men are working there over some intricate piece of carving. Long hours, too, must be spent in studying; there can be no slip-up in historical data. That would be disastrous. The Bilys are careful to see that this does not occur. When spring comes, the house is set in

order and perhaps a new clock takes its place beside the others. Sometimes an uncompleted one is there; but finished or unfinished, it is a work of art, and visitors come year after year, if possible, to see the progress made on a masterpiece. These two brothers are not seeking publicity. It is being thrust upon them, and rightly so. They are masters who deserve it.



### *Menus for Minds*

Variety is the spice of magazine life. Like a well-balanced menu, a readable periodical supplies brain food for a diversity of intellectual tastes. No one wants to eat the same thing at every meal—and no one wants to read the same thing day in and day out. Tastes in food and magazines differ, but all seek one thing—variety. A meal is more appetizing when it is attractively set forth, and when the items are carefully selected to provide the maximum of nourishment, whilst remaining pleasing to the palate. To lead a healthy normal life, you must pay attention to the diet necessary to satisfy legitimate physical needs.

Menus for minds are just as important as menus for the table. Your mind needs nourishment to sustain its powers and to satisfy its intellectual hunger. What kind of food do you offer to your mind? Is it a perpetual round of toothsome dainties, devoid of any solid nourishment? If so, your intellectual life will perish of slow starvation. The Cross (Jan. '38)



### *Person and Personality*

In the sacramental system Christ our Lord uses the person of the priest (consecrated to His use) as a means by which His life is given to the soul. (Beyond that, as a secondary means, Christ uses the *personality* of the priest—this or that gift of character or temperament, of wisdom or learning or experience—to help souls individually. The first way is universal, open equally and without distinction to every member of the Church, it being a matter of no importance whether a man goes to one priest or another; for Christ is all and the priest simply an instrument in His hands. The second way varies from priest to priest, and a member of the Church might conceivably, if God so shapes his life, get little or no help of this sort. F. J. Sheed in The African Missionary (Jan. '38)



# Saint Cecilia and Music

By DOM GREGORY MURRAY

She did not play the organ

Condensed from *Music & Liturgy*\*

The recognition of St. Cecilia as the patron saint of music, and particularly of church music, is so widespread that it may seem ungracious to submit the evidence upon which it is based to a critical examination. However, we need not entirely rob the saint of her position even though we change the reasons for it.

The sole documentary source of our knowledge of the story of St. Cecilia is her "Acts." Unfortunately these "Acts" cannot be given much credence, and despite their undoubted charm they are regarded, even by Catholic scholars, as little better than "a pious romance, like so many others compiled in the fifth and sixth centuries."

The "Acts of St. Cecilia"—from which the Church's office for her feast is derived—describes how she was brought up from her tenderest years in the precepts of the Christian faith, and, while still a girl, vowed her virginity to God. Later, at the instance of her father and against her will, she was betrothed to Valerianus, a pagan, whom she subsequently converted and who also died a martyr's death. The story of how her chaste vow was kept and her husband's conversion

effected may be read in Caxton's delightful translation of *The Golden Legend* or, in more modern style, in Dom Anselm Parker's *Saint Cecilia*.

It is in the description of the wedding festivities in the Acts that the following sentence occurs: "While the organs were playing, the virgin Cecilia sang in her heart to the Lord alone, saying: 'O Lord, may my heart and my body be undefiled, that I may not be confounded.'"

Now in reading this sentence we must remember that in the time of St. Cecilia and for centuries afterwards, the organ was a thoroughly secular instrument, whose introduction into the church was strictly forbidden. Its character was entirely frivolous and therefore suitable for a wedding-feast in which the bridegroom was a pagan. Hence we must notice the direct contrast in the Acts between the audible pagan music and the silent prayer which the saint offered to God that her virginity might be preserved. The music might be heard by all; the prayer was a song for "the Lord alone."

But although this sentence is quoted in full in one of the respon-

\*Downside Abbey, Stratton-on-the-Foss, Bath, England. Jan., 1938.



sories at Matins on the feast of St. Cecilia, it occurs also in an abbreviated form as the first Vesper antiphon, as follows: *Cantantibus organis, Caecilia Domino decantabat, dicens: Fiat cor meum immaculatum, ut non confundar* ("While the organs were playing, Cecilia sang to the Lord, saying, 'May my heart be undefiled, that I may not be confounded'"). The omissions are such that his antiphon, taken alone, would suggest that St. Cecilia sang her prayer aloud, to the accompaniment of the organ. Moreover when the organ ultimately became the instrument especially chosen for ecclesiastical use, it is easy to understand how this first antiphon of the feast might lead to the adoption of St. Cecilia as the patroness of music and particularly of the organ as an instrument dedicated to divine worship.

This mistake was deplored as far back as the 18th century, by J. N. Paquot, in his new and enlarged edition (dated 1771) of Molanus' *De Historia SS. Imaginum et Picturarum*. There the writer says:

"We nowhere read that the blessed Cecilia had any skill in music or concern with it. Nor will you search out anything in her Acts save that on the day when worldly marriage was prepared for her the organs were sounded to awaken joy, which the most chaste

virgin abhorred as she did the very marriage."

It was not until the 15th century that St. Cecilia came to be universally associated with music. The oldest representations depict her either with the crown of martyrdom in her hand (as in the sixth century mosaic in the Church of S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna) or in the formal attitude of prayer (as in the two sixth and seventh century pictures in her crypt in Rome). In medieval art her emblems were the wreaths of roses and lilies brought to her by an angel, as described in the "Acts." In the 14th century, Chaucer, who reproduces the story of the "Acts" in *The Seconde Nonnes Tale*, thus speaks of her:

Thou with thy gerland, wrought  
of rose and lilie,  
Thee mene I, mayd and martir,  
seint Cecilie.

Moreover there are several examples, even as late as the 15th century, of St. Cecilia with these emblems.

But by this time the organ had become well established as the regular ecclesiastical instrument of music, so that its pagan origins and the frivolous associations of its early days had passed out of memory. Hence it is easy to understand how the mistaken interpretation of the first Vesper antiphon of her

office came to be made. Who first committed the blunder it is not easy to discover.

The earliest known representation of St. Cecilia as a musician dates from the end of the 15th century. It is a panel of an altar-piece, painted for a church at Cologne, and depicts "St. Cecilia playing on a portative organ, which a little angel helps to support." A few years later, in 1516, Raphael painted the more famous altar-piece of Bologna, in which the saint appears to be "so entranced by the heavenly concert that she lets the organ droop in her hands." This picture not only bears witness to the general acceptance of the then recent tradition but has firmly established

it in the minds of succeeding generations. From that day St. Cecilia has come to be generally regarded by musicians, poets and painters, as the patroness of music.

The fact remains that St. Cecilia did not emerge as a musician at all until the Church's proper music—the Gregorian Chant—was in full decline, and when the new types of music were in need of a new patron saint.

The traditional patron of religious music is undoubtedly St. Gregory the Great. Nevertheless, we may with justice pray to St. Cecilia as our second patron, since unless we, like her, "sing also in our heart to the Lord alone," our liturgical song is an empty sham.

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### *The Under-dog*

There must be degree; there must be the top-dog and the under-dog, or (as it is put with golden philosophy in the *Wallet of Kai Lung*) "Lo-Chi's ceiling is Ti-Hung's floor." So far, so good. But the trouble is that once you have the top-dog and the under-dog, the fall of man leads the top-dog to oppress the under-dog. To prevent so grievous a result, much has been done; notably by saints, ordinary good men, and innumerable women of common sense. To prevent the oppression of the under-dog we have, to begin with, Charity, or rather, perhaps, to begin with, Humility—whereby the top-dog says, "The under-dog may perhaps be a better man than I, and more deserving." But on second thought I do not think Humility works exactly like that; I think it works rather more like this, "Mr. Under-Dog looks very disgusting to *me* but who knows how I look to *him*. After all, we are all Dogs together, and any day I may be the Under-Dog. The essential thing is that I am what I am, neither Top-Dog nor Under-Dog, but a miserable sinner full of fun."

Hilaire Belloc in *The Tablet* (1 Jan. '38)

# Can We Rope in America?

Why we might fight Japan

By H. BELLOC

Condensed from *G. K's Weekly*\*

The immediate practical question in English politics has nothing domestic about it: for we have in truth no domestic politics. We are so united a country that no domestic question divides us. Our poor are delighted to be managed at a profit by our rich, we are always persuaded that, if any of us suffers, the foreigner anyhow suffers a great deal more and we are quite content with the purity of our public life and the magnificence of our public men.

But in problems involving the said foreigners and the said public men and ourselves, in matters of international relationship it is otherwise. The Irish affair, which is the most important of all, we get over by taking for granted that it is not there. Ireland is excluded from our Press, and not one of us in a thousand pays the least attention to it, or to the Irish Race in Australasia, Canada, America, or to the Irish religion. But what a few people do by this time appreciate, and what most people are beginning vaguely to feel is the increasing menace to our wealth. We are menaced by serious rivals who want to get hold of that wealth. One important section of our wealth is

derived from tribute beyond Singapore. As money lenders (that is, bankers) we have levied on the Far East a regular toll, increasing in magnitude, for nearly 100 years. We get five and six per cent and over from the labor of yellow men, who are still precariously and have long been securely, in our fee. We get profits from our exchanges of goods with them; we get profits out of the insurances upon their lives, upon fire, upon trade risks; we get, or have got, direct payment in salaries from them, paid to our public school men whom we send out as managers and officials of every sort; we get a big slice of their taxes as payment for "accommodation," and all the rest of it. Much the greater part of this wealth, steadily pumped out of the Far East, finds its way to England and maintains a respectable proportion of our population, some in idleness, others in not very laborious ease.

The Japanese want this revenue and at the moment are in a fair way to get it. They want to deflect the wealth that is now paid into our pockets as moneylenders, managers, insurers, exchangers, officials, and even missionaries, into their pockets. They propose to do this

\*9 Essex St., Strand, London, W. C. 2, England. Jan. 6, 1938.

by force of arms, and they have already gone a long way towards succeeding.

Now how can they be stopped? Only by a superior force in action or by the threat of such force sufficient to give them pause. Can we do that single-handed? We cannot, because we have not sufficient strength. We have no land force available for the purpose, and sea power nowadays does not exercise the control it did 30 years ago. Even if it still could do what used to be claimed for it, we could not use it single-handed because the attempt to do so would at once arouse an overwhelming coalition against us. The French in their present condition, though they have similar (vastly inferior) interests in the Far East, are not to be relied upon. The hopes we had of Russian interference have failed, the international clique which still rules from Moscow with Stalin as its vigorous figurehead, knows very well that foreign war would be the end of it.

There remains the U. S. We got the U. S. into the Great War on our side, and, what was more extraordinary, we managed, in the debt business, to make France the villain of the peace.

Can we rope them in to fight, or threaten to fight, the Japanese? It is a question of the most poignant

interest, and it is a question that will be answered in a comparatively short time one way or the other.

The advantages we have in the working of American opinion and policy are very great, and they have been used in the past with so much success that those who think we shall win the trick have much to say for themselves. We are the only people of the Old World who use the same printed word, and largely the same spoken word, as the Americans. But much more important than any other factor is that of religion. Vastly different as we are from the Americans, we have in common with them the set of moral ideas proceeding from the men who dominated the English 17th century. Those ideas have of course been transformed in the last 200 years. You can make more out of a Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Animals or Children, or out of the word "democracy," or out of "sanitation," than you can out of the Authorized Version, and much more than you can out of direct Calvinism, for the latter has now got to be given diluted; but, roughly speaking, we know instinctively what will move American indignation and enthusiasm, even when it does not move our own. American opinion is inflammable, and just as we got up the cry, "To hell with the Hohenzol-

lerns and the Hapsburgs" (which both begin with a "h"), so we might get a slogan for the Pacific.

There are obstacles in the way. The chief of these is the very large American investment in Japan. The next obstacle in importance is the realization by most Americans that we are much more interested than they are in stopping the Japanese advance, and that, if they come in, they will be coming in much more to our advantage than to their own. But those obstacles could be overcome. The mass of the American public has no experience, as we have of modern war; its enthusiasm

is easily aroused; we have already got them to feel a sort of instinctive opposition to the Italians; we and the Jews combined have got them to oppose the Third Reich.

Roughly speaking, we are about half way to our goal. Shall we be able to go the remaining half of the way? Shall we rope in America against Japan? That is the important question of the moment, and as this paper is free to tell the truth, the truth can be stated here in its simple and obvious terms. As things now stand, our chances are (to put it in American) about fifty-fifty.



### *Social Security*

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political stability, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them—a volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligations desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

George Washington in his Farewell Address.

# The Constitution Frees the Mass

By WILLIAM LA VERDIERE, S. S. S.

Land of the religious free

Condensed from *The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*\*

"We, the people of the United States . . . do ordain and establish . . ." that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the exercise thereof . . ." So reads the first amendment to the Constitution of the U. S., passed by the first Congress to convene—an amendment which is possibly more far-reaching in its consequences than all the other articles of the Constitution together. Without this amendment the Constitution might have degenerated into an egregious lie signed by a group of liars, who spoke honeyed words of liberty while enslaving religion.

Ever since the Reformation, anti-Catholic hostilities raged almost invariably and chiefly against the Mass and the priest, the maker of the Mass. More fury was vented on the Mass than on any other Catholic truth or fact. It was a foolish violence, but wise in a way; cutting off the food and water supply of a besieged city is often the surest and quickest way to take it. American colonial history was not free from this anti-Mass complex. Many settlers, among whom we find even governors, feared the Romish priest and his Mass as much as they

did the hostile savage tribes.

The early records are generously spotted with instances of this bigotry. Lord Baltimore's first attempt at colonization brought him to Newfoundland in 1627. A chapel was set up in which Father Anthony Smith offered Mass regularly. With a fine sense of the equal religious rights of all, Lord Baltimore gave the Protestant colonists a place for worship and a clergyman. This minister, a Mr. Stourton, was not content with full liberty; he returned to England and filed an information against Lord Baltimore for permitting Mass to be said.

New York was also opposed to the presence of priests and their Mass. The Earl of Bellomont, Governor of New York, managed in 1700 to push through a penal act outlawing the Catholic clergy. The same act was simultaneously passed in Massachusetts. A priest remaining in New York or Massachusetts territory after the passage of that act, or entering thereupon after November 1, 1700, was "deemed an enemy to the true Christian religion" and was liable to the penalty of death if, after having escaped, he was retaken.

\*194 East 76th St., New York City. Feb., 1938.



Down in Maryland a law passed in 1702 extended the English acts of tolerance to Protestant Dissenters; the Catholic was thus left the only victim of intolerance in a province he had founded and blessed with religious freedom.

In October, 1704, Maryland passed another act "to prevent the growth of Popery within this province." This act listed a whole set of offenses for which "popish bishops, priests and Jesuits" had to pay 50 pounds and suffer six months of imprisonment. One of these offenses was the saying of Mass. A secondtime offender was transported to England to undergo special penalties over there.

An act passed July 17, 1716, required among other things from any holder of the meanest public office that he take an oath, denying Transubstantiation. If any holder of office should at any time "be present at any Popish assembly . . . and joyn with them in their service at Mass, or receive the Sacrament in that Communion," he forfeited his office and was considered non-eligible to any other.

The *Weekly Register* for March 20, 1732, published in Boston, noted with alarm the saying of Mass. "We hear," it reads, "that Mass has been performed in Town this Winter by an Irish priest, among some Catholiks of his own

nation, of whom it is not doubted we have a considerable number among us."

Such was the anti-Catholic, anti-Mass feeling in the colonies at the time of the Revolution. Mass was almost generally forbidden. As to Mass-houses, conditions were worse than in England. "You must not imagine," wrote Father Mosley to his brother, a priest in England, "that our chapels lie as yours do; they are in great forests, some miles from any House of Hospitality. . . . Swamps, runs, miry holes, lost in the night, as yet and ever will in this country attend us. Thank God, we are all safe as yet. Between three and four hundred miles was my last Christmas fare on one horse."

Virginia, poisoned by the treacherous Clayborne, proved a particularly dangerous zone for priests. It is said that Father Augustine Frambach visited Virginia from a Maryland town near-by, but only at night; he slept beside his horse, ready to mount and put him to his full speed at the slightest warning. More than once the bullets of the pursuers whistled around the head of the devoted priest. It was not easy to say Mass in these circumstances.

However the long night of trial of the Colonial Catholic Church had about spent itself. A new day

of liberty was already dawning for both the Catholics and the right-minded non-Catholics. But old prejudices die hard, and for some time the outcome of the struggle between religious liberty and intolerant tyranny was most uncertain. There was a glimmering above the horizon, but none could say whether it was dawn or dusk.

Then the Revolutionary War broke out. The shot heard around the world was fired. Catholics lavishly spilled their blood to safeguard a liberty which so far only their persecutors had enjoyed. At the request of the Continental Congress on February 15, 1776, Father John Carroll, later first Archbishop of Baltimore, accompanied a mission of good will to Canada. Catholic France contributed precious man and gold power to the cause of American liberty.

In spite of these and other facts Mass-phobia still haunted the rebels like a wandering ghost. Some spokesmen for the revolution heated up the colonists to the boiling point by harping on the Quebec Act, which guaranteed liberty of worship to Canada, as a menace to Protestantism. Even Alexander Hamilton lost his head over it; the Quebec Act makes his "blood run cold"; it "shocks" him; "your lives, your property, your religion, are all at stake," he told the American

people. Many shared his stupid fear.

Daniel Barber—converted to the Church in 1818—refers to the Quebec Bill "as the privilege to Roman Catholics of worshipping God according to their own conscience." It was the source of much ill feeling among the subjects of the King. "The real fear of Popery in New England had its influence; it stimulated many people to send their sons to join the ranks. The common word then was: No King, No Popery!" Catholics of those days must have been hopelessly loyal patriots to fight for a cause which, for all its excellence, was being furthered with such anti-Catholic prejudice.

Even Benedict Arnold capitalized on the fear of the Mass by trying to cover the infamy of his treason with motives of religion: "And should the parent nation cease her exertions to deliver you," he wrote in a proclamation to the Continental Army, "what security remains to you, even for the enjoyment of the consolations of that religion for which your fathers braved the ocean, the heathen and the wilderness? Do you know that the eye which guides this pen, lately saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass for the soul of a Roman Catholic in purgatory, and participating in the rites of a Church against whose anti-Christian cor-

ruptions your pious ancestors would have witnessed with their blood?"

When the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown marked the end of the war, the Catholic Church had won prestige and worn down prejudice especially among the leaders in whose hands lay the destinies of the nation. When therefore a body of delegates convened at Philadelphia in May, 1787, to amend the articles hastily drawn by the First Continental Congress, Catholics and all right-thinking men insisted that the law of the land remove all religious disabilities and provide equal rights for every law-abiding citizen. After some opposition the following clause was added to article VI: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any

office or public trust under the United States."

Later in the same year at the first Congress, the First amendment, the charter of American religious liberty, was adopted: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." That was all the Church needed: freedom to offer her sacrifice, freedom to teach. No sooner had this State recognition of her rights been proclaimed than she grew by leaps and bounds. Her missionaries went up and down and across the country, sowed the word of God in broad and generous gestures, dotted the land with chapels, and hallowed and consecrated every corner of the young nation with the Sacrifice of the Mass.

### *Self-Prejudice*

"Oliver Herford and I were talking one day about various writing persons. The name of a distinguished English novelist came up.

I mentioned certain of this gentleman's works. Herford shook his head.

"I'm not in a position to discuss that person's books," he said.

"Why not?" I asked. "Surely you're familiar with him?"

"No," said the famous wit. "I can't say that I am. Although myself an Englishman by birth, I am not familiar with his books."

"What's the reason for that?" I asked in surprise.

"It's very simple," said Herford, gently. "Something which I once wrote about him so prejudiced me against the man that I could never bear to read any of his stories."

Irvin S. Cobb.

# Malaga Revisited

By RUSSELL PALMER

Arms and open arms

Condensed from Spain\*

My interest in Spain, first aroused by a series of tourist visits beginning more than ten years ago, ripened into a desire to make an extended stay, so taking advantage of quiet times in America, I took a long lease on the Villa Maria del Carmen just outside Malaga, and lived there with my wife and children during 1932 and 1933.

Even in 1932 there were days when we dared not drive into the city because home-made bombs, fashioned from the brass knobs of old-fashioned bedsteads, were being tossed into shops, cafes and newspaper offices in the best Russian manner. One brief visit to Sevilla was rudely interrupted when a house next door to my room in the Hotel Madrid was dynamited by agitators.

When news of the movement of July, 1936, reached us at our peaceful home in California, to which we had long since returned, we tried to establish contact with our friends. Our cables remained unanswered and probably undelivered. Malaga, where there were no military operations whatever remained in the complete and for some time unchallenged control of the Reds, who embarked on a career of de-

struction and murder which reduced practically all of the better class Spanish homes in Malaga to ashes, cost the lives of 8,000 people in the province and created some 12,000 orphans.

Mere figures, even the tragic tally of the dead, have no meaning beyond a certain point, but those of Malaga are different to me. Many of these people I knew and liked personally. I have stood before the bullet pock-marked wall of the San Raphael cemetery in Malaga where they died unshriven. Sometimes they were taken in lots of 50 or 150, to be killed as hostages. Sometimes they died because of the ill will of an employee or servant who had been dismissed. Sometimes it happened that they met death for a jailer's caprice. I have walked around the great pits in San Raphael cemetery where five or six hundred, many of whom were friends, lie rotting in a common grave. The lives of these people, many of them, were an open book to me. I know, and our mutual friends among the American, English and Dutch colony know, that these people died innocent of any wrongdoing and, in many cases, without ever having taken the

\*P. O. Box 34, Trinity Station, New York City. Nov. 15, 1937.

slightest part in politics. I know the callous brutality with which they were killed, for I have talked to neutral eyewitnesses who saw them die.

When I arrived in Malaga this summer the Reds had long since been driven along the coast beyond Motril, but it is hard to believe that the Pearl of the Mediterranean will ever be itself again. I arrived by car from Sevilla after dark and went directly to the Hotel Caleta Palace, which was still intact, because it was Swiss property and had been used during the occupation as headquarters for Russian aviators.

When I opened my window next morning Malaga seemed nothing but a beautiful ruin. The villa quarter — the Caleta — contained nothing unburned except a few houses occupied by foreign consuls and other influential foreigners. The Limonar was almost as bad. As far as I could see was now row upon row of smoke-blackened ruins. Never have I seen the place such a riot of color. Bourgainvilleas, oleander, purple jacaranda and roses amidst roofless villas and the crumbled remains of public buildings. My friends tell me that Malaga was put to the torch on the day the movement began in Morocco and while the government at Madrid was still assuring people

that the situation was well in hand.

Directly next to my hotel on the west was the big sandstone Alvarez house and only its walls were still standing. Three of the Alvarez sons and a cousin died against the wall at San Raphael. The gardener of one of my friends told him with some pride that, when they went to burn this home, they found an electric chair with which the elder Mr. Alvarez used to torture poor people, and this had been put on exhibition at the Case del Puablo. He went down to look at it and found a leather and nickel American-type barber's chair. This is typical of the mental level of those who sacked Malaga under orders from the commissars.

It is important to the understanding of what happened in Malaga to realize that, once the blood lust of this class had been aroused, it was directed at the peaceful people of the town, since there was then no army within a hundred miles of the city. The fate of the Villa Maria del Carmen and its inmates epitomizes what happened on a large scale not only in Malaga, but in all that part of Spain over which General Franco's army had not yet extended its protection. It would be a great mistake to assume that the mob, who dealt death to Malaga five months,



constituted a majority of the people of the poorer classes. They were a minority but they were armed and ready. I met one of our old maid-servants, Paca, on the street in Malaga. She expressed nothing but relief and gratitude at the Nationalist capture of the city. Life had been hard enough under the Republic, but the Soviet, which later succeeded it, was intolerable, and the burden fell not only upon the rich, but upon the honest poor. There was no distribution of wealth. The loot went to the Red leaders and their women.

I am amazed upon my return to the U. S. to find how little Americans know about the truth of the Spanish war. Those who swear by the daily papers and have become thoroughly misinformed by propaganda try to tell me that when the Nationalists entered Malaga they slew thousands. As a matter of fact, today, after months of Nationalist occupation, careful legal

trials are going on. The death penalty is applied only for proven murder or denunciation leading to murder. I visited the courts where these trials are being conducted with strict observance of all legal formalities and competent counsel for the accused. What a contrast to death without trial or the comfort of religion. Out of the thousands who must face trial proportionately few are convicted.

Franco did not even have to garrison the towns he captured. I was present at the fall of Bilbao and the capture of smaller towns and can only say that Franco's troops were received with open arms. The Generalissimo is tremendously popular from one end of Nationalist Spain to the other and his popularity is based on affection and respect, plus the fact that he is the embodiment of that high personal honor and profound patriotism which is the ideal of every true Spaniard.



### *Syllogism*

I remember a thoroughgoing Socialist (who happened also to be a sensitive humanitarian) being terribly shocked by a report he had read about a crowd of wandering Russian children (whose diseased bodies were a menace to the state) being rounded up and exterminated by a machine gun. I pointed out that the officials who directed the operation were, after all, if the report were true, only looking after Society. They could logically be indicted only on the principle that the individual comes first—and that, my humanitarian Socialist must deny.

From *Creative Revolution* by J. F. T. Prince (Bruce, 1937)



# The Missionary

Man waiting for death

By ANTHONY DEMPSEY

Condensed from the *Father Mathew Record*\*

A hut in the wilderness had been his home for more than a quarter of a century—and now, lying there, the old missionary priest was waiting to die. Outside were his people, those he had gathered into the family of Christ, who knew that the time had come when he must go. Some of them remembered his first coming; all of them had seen him grow old; and now he was going to the God he had served so well. But none knew his thoughts, the sweet, tender memories of the once-upon-a-time that no man could share.

Memories of Dublin itself, of the lovely city on the Liffey. Nowhere in the world had he seen evenings like Dublin's evenings when there was a half light and everything was so quiet. And the bright, clear winter mornings when the youngsters broke the ice on Stephen's Green and there was frost on the ground and a young man could so easily feel that the world was his for the taking—yes, that was Dublin. He had been studying medicine then, always seeming to be rushed off his feet and yet finding time for everything, for swimming at the Forty Foot, for parties and dances, for the "gods" at the

theatre, for last-minute frantic study. He was a doctor when he was 24, a doctor and a wanderer.

The young native priest returned to the hut with a cup of water. It was cool and refreshing. What was it that he wanted to say? There was something. Ah! of course, word must be sent to the head Mission settlement, so that some one could come quickly to replace him. It was usual to make a will—but he had nothing to leave—nothing save the chalice that had been his ordination present 35 years ago. The chalice was all he had and that was for the church. There were a few odds and ends, but nothing of value. Someone might like them as a sort of a keepsake. He sipped the water again and noticed that it was much cooler now that the evening was come. Outside they waited.

He was a student in the college in those far-off days when he was learning to be a missionary. It had not been an easy time, when one day was so like to another, one year like to the past year and no different from the one to come. There was an end to wanderings and sometimes there had come doubts that plunged a man nigh

\*Church St., Dublin, N. W. 8, Ireland. Jan., 1938.

to despair, when prayer seemed unavailing and the future ever so far away. Would the day ever come, would this marking time, this long term of study ever be over?

Yes, the day had come—and looking back it seemed but of yesterday when he had knelt before the altar and been admitted to that Service which would continue throughout eternity. A little more study, a little more waiting, home once more to the house up in the hills—and then off for ever from Ireland. But the green fields and the brown rivers and the heather on the mountains—he had not forgotten them.

He had made the Foreign Mission, and all that had to do with it, his life. From the large Mission he had gone to a smaller one and then they had sent him out here. A lonely life, but not so lonely as men might imagine. There was the church he had built, a church very different from the ones at home; but it housed the same God. And for company he had that and his native priest and his brethren, the people.

His breviary lay beside him and now he picked it up. The leather cover, once so stiff and shining, was worn; the gold was gone from the edges and the pages were

thumb-marked from daily use.

The young priest spoke to him, using that sing-song tongue, and the old man nodded.

"It will be for the last time," he said.

On a stretcher made of poles and mats, they carried him out to the clearing where the kneeling people waited. They held him up, this worn-out body, and heads were lowered as he raised his hand and signed them with the sign of the Cross. Then they carried him back to the hut.

They would be cutting the hay in Ireland, and hoping that it would keep fine. And on the rivers men would be fishing and at the University the students would be waiting for the examinations. In his old room there would be another young man studying to be a priest and maybe wondering would his day ever come. The hills would be green and you could see the blue of the sea from the white road that led up to the house in the mountains behind Dublin. He was far away from that now; but not far from the white, dusty road that goes out of Nazareth, the road, sometimes so hard and so lonely, that He walked, the old road up to Calvary that leads up into the City of God.



# The Flight of the Gods

The light of the "enlightened one" BY JOSEPH SANDHAAS, S. V. D.

Condensed from *Fu Jen*\*

During the Wars of the Roses, the English throne was not the only one that was ready to fall; the great Dragon Throne of the Ming Dynasty, newly set up at Peking, seemed quite as unstable. The dynasty of the Mings had been founded by a Buddhist monk. Small wonder then that thousands of temples cropped up in China; and nowhere more abundantly than in the hills near Peking where the musical tinklings of hundreds of temple bells are still to be heard in pilgrimage season. Tons of incense, too, are still burned there each year, but the sacrifice is due chiefly to the zeal of the laity, for the monks and hermits of the hills are fast dying out.

The fate of the many temples that are now passing rapidly out of the life of the Buddhist church makes an interesting study. Foreigners, for instance, desiring a cool retreat in the hills with a moss-grown garden, a fish pond peopled with carp, and the music of purling rills flowing down the hillside, find their hearts desire quite readily in some neglected monastery. The Catholic University of Peking is a case in point; in its various purchases of property this institution

has already taken over five different temples and dethroned a good score of statuesque deities and divine protectors.

The temple founded so long ago by our recluse friend was recently acquired by this University and the grounds now serve as an experimental agricultural station, the preliminary foundation of a College of Agriculture to be added to the University. The well-preserved Temple of Buddha, harboring a fine gilded statue of "The Enlightened One" and of two associate deities, was likewise inherited. Along with this came a full set of costly temple equipment: silver candelabra of ancient design, porcelain vessels of all kinds, temple gongs, cymbals and bells used in summoning the deity during prayer, great horn lanterns, liturgical books, etc. This same temple has since been converted into a chapel while the compound is much used by retreatants. Groups of Catholic laymen, especially teachers, professors and the lay intelligentsia of Peiping, come from the city to make the spiritual exercises there. All agree that the Buddhist monks of yesterday chose an excellent spot on this mountainside for solitary meditation and prayer.

\*176 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Jan., 1938.

On the hillside stands yet another temple enshrining no fewer than five deities. Thither, in former times, the humble peasants flocked, summoned the deities with a resounding stroke of the bell that could be heard over many a hill, then burned their bundles of incense and prayed. The temple was known as the Temple of the Five Spirits: of Rain, of Fruits, of Grain, of the Woodland, and lastly, the god of the District. If these deities still hover benignly about today, their benediction falls solely on Christian crops now growing there. This second temple is even now being converted into a shrine and grotto of our Lady where Christians may come to pray on the open mountainside. Such a shrine of pilgrimage is quite desirable inasmuch as this very range of hills is the main place of pagan pilgrimage in all Hopei province. In the annual pilgrimage of last year, well over 100,000 pagans came to worship there, traveling, some of them, for days to reach Miao Feng Shan, the "Mount of the Majestic Peak." For 15 days without cessation the incense furnaces of that mount flared and blackened the sky.

It is interesting to observe the

Church's missionary policy in her spiritual conquests: wherever possible she utilizes old forms and old policies; if they are good, the Church takes them over and blesses them for her own use.

Perhaps the most striking adaptation has been achieved in the new chapel where Buddha held sway for almost 500 years. The new liturgical altar has requisitioned the silver and porcelain flower vases of "The Enlightened One" for adornment. Buddha's lamp is still alight, but now it glows before the tabernacle in the sanctuary. His large bell echoes and re-echoes among the hills to announce the hour of Mass and his temple gong now announces the parts of the Mass.

The title of the old temple has been most noticeably corrected in the new chapel through the art motif used on the altar. Formerly the title was "Buddha Illuminates the World." The new motif that now stands behind the tabernacle takes up the theme of enlightenment: Christ and His cross stand against the bright background of the rising sun, the true Light that alone can illuminate the world. The hands of the Saviour are extended invitingly as He says, "I am the Light of the world."



There never was a good war or a bad peace. Franklin.

# I Write As I Please

Bridge to capitalist collectivism

By WALTER DURANTY

Excerpt from the book of the same title\*

The most eminently practical and salutary creation of modern Capitalism is insurance. Why, then, doesn't Capitalism look to insurance for help instead of applying a lot of half-baked Socialist nostrums which may alleviate the pains for a time but are really poison to its system? I don't mean what is known as social insurance alone, although British experience demonstrated the benefits of that beyond any doubt. I'd go much further than that and suggest that everyone in receipt of income, salary, or wages from whatever source be compelled by law to take out insurance against the loss of a fixed proportion of said income, against loss of health, loss from fire or any crime committed against him or her, against accident, and finally against death. The rates would vary greatly in different cases just as they vary now in health insurance, for instance, according to the age and physical condition of the client. But this is merely a matter of actuarial calculation. Attempts at fraud might occur such as occur today in the case of health and fire insurance, but here too the insurance companies would take due precautions. I say insurance companies because an essential

feature of my scheme is that it should be merely an extension of the present individualistic capitalist system with the only difference that it would be a legal obligation of every citizen in receipt of an income however small or large. This would require a certain degree of state control and the pledge of state support. The state would have to guarantee the payment of benefits by the companies; insurance companies would be licensed by the state which would issue licenses only to companies that were financially sound; and the state would have access to the books of the insurance companies as today Federal Reserve examiners have access to the books of banks. But the state would be forbidden to meddle with insurance companies or to remove any insurance executive unless improper conduct could be proved.

The point of my suggestion is that we should thus have a complete system of social insurance which would be run on business lines by business people without any interference from or admixture of politics. One of the most singular anomalies of American life is the abhorrence of a permanent civil service. It seems fantastic that the civil service of states and municipal-

\*Simon and Schuster, Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York City. 349 pp. 1935. \$3.00.



ities are liable to be changed wholesale every two years—and a great part of the Federal service every four years—by a swing of the political pendulum. The result is inevitably that politics dominate not only the civil service but even the judiciary which ought to be a solid block of principle in any well-organized state. The evils consequent upon the lack of a permanent civil service and judiciary divorced from politics are all too evident. Instead, however, of attempting to remedy this state of affairs, the present Administration is making gigantic additions to the political bureaucracy, that is to say is spreading evils rather than diminishing them. Introduction of social insurance by the state would simply mean that they were spread still wider.

To summarize the whole matter, let us take for granted that some form of universal security is necessary for rich and poor alike. If the security is provided by the state, there is no mechanism yet available to provide it and any mechanism that might be created would be dominated by politics, whereas insurance companies have a mechanism of their own which already works admirably and is capable of expansion. Obviously it would not be simple to work out the details of such a scheme, but it could be done and it would provide a bridge from "rugged individualism" to "capitalist collectivism" without involving coercion or violence or any of the sufferings which during the past five years have attended the birth-pangs of Soviet socialization.



### *Life Begins at Eighty*

"Every stage of human life except the last," says Cicero, "is marked out by certain defined limits; old age alone has no precise and determined boundary." The three great Greek tragedians, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, continued to write with undiminished vigor and effectiveness till past three-score and ten; and Sophocles was more than 80 when he produced "Oedipus Colonus." Plato taught in his famous academy until his death at 80; and Thucydides, dying at 75, left his history of the Peloponnesian Wars unfinished. Socrates began studying music when he was about 80 years of age.

In modern time the examples are still more numerous. Goethe finished "Faust" on the eve of his 83rd birthday. Titian painted his famous "Battle of Lepanto" when he was 98. Alexander von Humboldt completed his "Cosmos" in his 90th year. Von Moltke was in full uniform at 88. At the same age Commodore Vanderbilt was the most active railroad man of his day.



# This Running Is No Fun

... that they may receive a corruptible crown

By HARRY SYLVESTER

Condensed from *Columbia*\*

Paavo Nurmi lay in a dressing room under Madison Square Garden after one of his epic races with Joie Ray. Nurmi had defeated the little man from Kankakee again and Ray had come to the Finn's dressing room to congratulate him. Nurmi lay on a rubbing table while Hugo Quist and a rubber hovered about. The Finn's pale, ascetic face was quiet, almost stolid, and his eyes stared directly overhead. Such was the quality of the eyes that they seemed to see nothing and Nurmi himself appeared to be in a trance.

Ray came bursting into the room, full of his usual vitality, and his coming there was in itself a concession, for Ray, like most great athletes, was a bad loser. He came over to the table and said: "Nice going, Paavo. That was a swell race." Ray spoke in English, although Nurmi did not understand it. But anyone could have understood what Ray meant from the tone of his voice. Nurmi, however, did not move or in any way acknowledge Ray's presence.

Ray picked up the limp hand lying at Nurmi's side and shook it, but it was like the hand of a dead man and still Nurmi did not move.

Ray flung the hand angrily from him and went out of the dressing room, as bitter as he had ever been in his life.

The incident contributed to the legend of Nurmi's coldness and lack of human qualities. Yet, Nurmi, lying there that night while the crowd overhead still acclaimed his latest great race, was symbolic of most runners, and Ray, thinking this over when his anger cooled, probably realized it. Lonely, aloof, fanatical, Nurmi characterized runners and running for all time, for there is no sport which calls for so much sacrifice from its devotees, which punishes them quite so much or in such a peculiar manner. Most runners have to be ascetics to be successful and asceticism may easily become fanaticism, so the sport of running is really more of a cult, and its devotees often are affected in much the same way that a religious fanatic might be.

The reasons for this, while not obvious to the casual spectator at a track meet, can be understood. There are two kinds of runners: those who are born good runners; those who make themselves good runners. A man may inherit the speed, strength and endurance

\*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. Feb., 1938.

which help make a runner. But he must acquire form, knowledge of pace and strategy, and the ability to punish himself. "Made" runners must, of course, have a certain amount of natural ability to start with. "Natural" runners are those who, having a tremendous amount of native ability, neglect to acquire form and knowledge of strategy even, but get by on their gifts, although they are rarely as consistent as "made" runners.

Good examples of "made" runners are Nurmi and Glenn Cunningham. Examples of "natural" runners are Leo Lermond, who had atrocious form but won championships; Bob McAllister, the Flying Cop; and, more recently, Bill Bonthron and John Woodruff. None of these men had or have good form, yet all have been champions and they have left their mark on the history of sport.

Form is not acquired overnight, but some athletes with a highly developed sense of rhythm learn it quickly. To be successful, a runner must also learn to relax and to stay relaxed, even at the end of a race, when he is tired and his legs and arms feel like logs of wood. Only by remaining relaxed can he retain his good form when tired.

Having achieved these things, the runner next comes up against a curious problem: that of pain. He

finds that if he runs far enough, no matter how good his form is or how superb his condition might be, pretty soon his legs, arms and lungs begin to hurt. The natural tendency then is to stop or at least to run less hard. But the pain comes before the end of the race. Then he must learn, even as he learned what good form is, just how much of that pain he can stand, just what his physical and spiritual limits are. He must learn that pain does not necessarily mean that he can no longer keep running and running hard. And he may learn, even before then, the truth that no man is able to really know what courage is until he has reached the end of his endurance.

It is this intimate acquaintance with pain, this living, if only for moments, at the outposts of one's endurance, that tend to make runners a race apart from other athletes, that lines the faces of even the young runners and makes grim their mouths. The runner must be in better condition than any other athlete, except perhaps, the professional boxer, and naturally this calls for the strictest kind of training.

Of course, a young man in college or business could not train as rigorously and wholeheartedly as an Olympic champion; still, he must approximate it, and he must learn that he cannot eat or drink

whatever he wants to, that he must avoid dances, the theater and anything else which will cause him to lose sleep. He does not have to do these things to be a pretty good runner, but if he intends to compete successfully in the hardest competition, he has to do them. And they naturally take him away from the social company of his fellows to a large extent.

So that between the rigors of actual competition and those of training, there is a strong tendency for the runner to become more or less of a lone wolf. This tendency is aided by the actual loneliness of the competition itself. There is no sport where a man is quite so much on his own as in running, with the possible exception of boxing. In boxing, though the boxer is alone, the punishment comes from without; that is, it is inflicted by his opponent. But in track, the runner may quit at any time he wants to; he doesn't have to endure the pain, and he himself is responsible for it and no one else.

So, our runner has learned form, has found that he must train off the track as well as on it, and he has learned that he has surprising limits to his endurance, both physical and spiritual. But that still isn't enough. He has to learn the strategy of running a race. It is still true that the race is not al-

ways to the swift and this is particularly true of middle distance running. A man with superlative speed can simply outrun his opponents in a dash and a man with superlative endurance can simply outrun the field in a long distance race, but, since both endurance and speed enter into middle distance running, it is a more complicated sport.

To the casual spectator it may appear that the men in, for example, the Millrose 600, start with the gun, one of them outruns the others to the first turn, leads all the way into the homestretch, then tires and is caught by the man who has been running third most of the race. What they may not have noticed is that the man running third ran under much less strain than the one setting the pace, that the third man started to speed up coming off the next to last turn, passing the second man as he did so. He then ran behind the leader, not attempting to pass him on the last turn, but noticing that the leader was tired and wobbled a little. So that, when the leader, through sheer weariness, swung wide coming off the last turn, unable to hold the pole, or inside track, the runner who had been third, then second, went through on the pole, inside the leader, thus saving ground by not having to

run around him. Having passed the leader so easily he won going away.

Our runner must learn these things and whether he runs better in front or following someone else's pace. If he can maintain a fast, steady pace, but can't "kick" or sprint at the end, then he should run from in front, setting the pace, and trying to tire the others so that they will not be able to sprint at the end. If he is a runner who can sprint at the end of a race, then he should usually let someone else set the pace, so that he can, with his superior "kick," pass the other man at the finish. This is the usual technique of Jack Lovelock, the slender New Zealander who has been Glenn Cunningham's jinx.

But nothing one can put his finger on can account for the strange performances that occasionally crop up in running. The most striking example of it I knew concerns Bob McAllister and the 1928 Olympics. McAllister was a New York City Policeman who had been a good but inconsistent sprinter. He started running late in life for a sprinter but turned in some good performances and beat some of the world's best. Then injuries beset him and he retired, only to decide in 1928 to have one more try at the Olympics, although he was over 30, which is very old for a sprinter.

No one took his comeback very seriously except himself. He was old and he had pulled a tendon in one leg very badly.

But McAllister took a leave of absence from the police force and began to train uptown at Fordham University, where his father-in-law, Jake Weber, was track coach and football trainer. Weber is one of the greatest trainers that has ever been known and he brought McAllister's leg along well, although McAllister had to wear most of the time a bandage Weber had made. It was a curious, intricate affair, such as only expert trainers can make, and it was composed of literally hundreds of pieces of adhesive tape, so arranged and molded that it fitted McAllister's leg perfectly and supported exactly his weakened tendon.

Always a hearty sort of an individual, McAllister told reporters who interviewed him that he would win the 100-meter race in the Olympics. No one took this seriously, but McAllister came to think of himself as a man of destiny. Subsequent events just about proved it. He went into the Olympic trials and made the American Olympic team without winning a race in the final tryouts. He qualified in the first and second series of heats by running second or third; did the same thing in the semi-final and

made the last of four places on the team by running fourth in the final, although no one conceded him a chance. As he went along he had to beat men who had previously beaten him that day.

At the Olympics his leg began to bother him but the bandage Weber made, for Weber was also a trainer for the Olympic team, sustained it well enough, and McAllister proceeded to virtually repeat his performance in the U. S. He ran in the first and second series of heats and the Olympic semi-finals and did not win one of them but each time placed well enough to qualify and was in the Olympic 100-meter final. Consider—he had run in seven successive races, four in the U. S. team trials, three in the Olympics, had won none of them but had qualified for the Olympic final.

It was, it still remains, an incredible, an unexplainable performance, for he had to time and again beat men who had previously beaten him. When he came out for the Olympic final, though, he was not wearing his bandage. He had had a quarrel with Jake over something—they are both temperamental—and he was going to show Jake and run without Jake's bandage. He did and pulled his tendon in the Olympic final, finishing sixth and last as he limped over the finish

line, still convinced that if he had not pulled his tendon he would have been Olympic 100-meter champion.

When you next go to a track meet, don't go with the preconceived notion that some boys have been out doing a little running around after class or work to limber up and that tonight, or this afternoon, they are simply going to see who can run fastest around a cinder or board oval.

For they have had to learn a great deal and endure many things and the training lore accumulated through 4000 years has gone into their making. And they are sitting, before their race, in the dressing room under the stands, with their nerves gathered into a tight ball in the pit of their stomach, going through that terrible hour before a race, much worse than the race, because the race has yet to be endured and their bodies remember other races, and no one can help them now, no coach or trainer or friend or sweetheart. For they know that for a few minutes a little later on they will be terribly alone and will be hurt.

Why they do it is not very often known even to them. Perhaps only because they seek a perishable crown even as the ascetics of another day sought an imperishable one.



# Galileo—A Martyr to Science?

By WILLIAM SULLIVAN O'BYRNE

A pleasant life in prison

Condensed from *Truth\**

The enemies of the Church (and of course they are never wrong) maintain that the Church fostered a systematic opposition to the progress of natural science. What is more, they maintain that the Church inaugurated a systematic persecution of those who were attracted to the study of the natural sciences. And needless to say, they point to the persecution of Galileo.

Now if this charge be true, then other scientists at the time of Galileo must have suffered the same fate as he did. And if this were so, history must have recorded it for the enlightenment of posterity. But history makes no mention of a persecution of other scientists at the time of Galileo.

Happily though, history does record the names of other scientists who lived at the time of Galileo or shortly before or after. What is more, they were not only scientists, the same as Galileo, but they were men who suffered no opposition from the Church. In fact they were on the most intimate terms of friendship with high Church officials. Many of them, such as Clavius, Griemberger, Guldin, Scheiner, Grimaldi and Riccioli were members of the Jesuit order. Others, such

as Copernicus, Castelli, Renieri, Cavaleri, and Gassendi were either monks or canons. Furthermore, the result of Galileo's discoveries was met with a most enthusiastic reception in the higher circles of Rome, for history shows that he carried on an active correspondence with Cardinals Barberini and Conti as well as with other prelates high in ecclesiastical offices.

Galileo is supposed to have suffered because he taught that the earth revolved around the sun. But this was not a new teaching as the system of Aristrachus of Samos, which appeared in the third century before Christ, also held that the earth revolved about the sun. And this doctrine was freely taught without any protest on the part of the Church. In fact Cardinal Cusa, in 1435, revived this system; and then Copernicus, a Canon, completely transformed it and applied it to the discussion of heavenly appearances. His immortal work *De orbium coelestium revolutionibus* obtained the support of Cardinal Schomberg and the approbation of Pope Paul III. It was even taught in the Italian schools and professed before the sovereign Pontiff Clement VII, and no authorized protest

\*412 8th Ave., New York City. Jan., 1938.



was heard within the Church.

Yet, knowing all this by the light of history, there are still men among us, enemies of religion, who attempt to stimulate hatred by representing Galileo as a martyr to science. They try to maintain that he was thrust into a dark dungeon and made to undergo the most cruel tortures. Now the truth really is that from 1616 to 1633 he peacefully labored at Florence where he wrote his famous works. Opponents of religion try to maintain that at the second trial of Galileo he was made to suffer most excruciating pains—pains that were with him until his death. Yet the testimony of all contemporaries, most worthy of belief, as well as the correspondence of Galileo himself, and the written proceedings of the trial of 1633, state that he not only was not tortured and was not a martyr to science, but that, strictly speaking, he was never imprisoned or deprived of his liberty, either before or after sentence. During the time his trial was pending, he lived at the palace of Nicolini, the Tuscan ambassador, his devoted friend, who showered on him every kindness and attention. The night before his examination he was taken to the Minerva, where he remained from the 12th to the 13th of April, 1633, in the apartments of the judge-advocate of the Holy Office,

with permission "to wander in the vast chambers," as Galileo himself writes, and he had not only the services of his own servant, but those of the ambassador as well. Galileo himself, in a letter to a friend, writes of his own good health and also makes mention of the hospitable treatment that he is receiving from his host.

Later, after Galileo had fallen ill, he was sent back by order of Pope Urban VIII to the palace of the ambassador where he was allowed to receive his friends and where he enjoyed the freedom of the palace. After being detained awhile, he was allowed to go into retirement at the palace of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Later, after a sojourn with his friend, the Archbishop of Sienna, Galileo passed the rest of his life at his own villa at Arcetri. Here he continued his scientific work in peace and happiness, never wanting for a thing, since the pension allowed him by the Pope in 1630 was sufficient to take care of his needs.

Search history, as many scholars have done, and no trace will be found of the so-called torture that Galileo was supposed to have suffered. Galileo himself declares in a letter written in 1634 that "he suffered nothing in his life or honor." It is true that he was threatened and menaced with torture, but

as he himself affirms, it was never inflicted.

It is very strange indeed that 140 years were allowed to elapse before any mention of torture was made; for it was only about 1770 that Italian writers began to circulate this report.

To the credit of Galileo, it must

be remarked that he was not an apostate, not a free-thinker, but a sincere and honest Catholic, and as a Catholic he died. Had he suffered at the hands of the Church, as is maintained by the opponents of religion, we are not so sure that he would have died in the bosom of the Church.



### *Teleology*

At a time when many liberal (Protestant) theologians have lost their belief in God and in place of theism have proclaimed a religion without God, namely humanism, it is heartening to hear Dr. Cabot present an argument for a wise and good Creator based on the "wisdom of the body." Dean Matthews, of London, states that "of all the reasons which have been alleged for belief in God, the argument from design, called by the learned the 'teleological argument,' has always made the most direct appeal to the masses of mankind." That Dr. Cabot's views on this subject are in accord with those of leaders of modern (Protestant) thought is indicated by Dean Matthew's statement that "the time is plainly ripe for a reconsideration of traditional 'proofs' of Theism, for the reign of Kant is coming to an end." It has always had the support of common sense. Roman Catholic thinkers have never bowed the knee to Kant, and have always adhered to the conviction that belief in God is based on reason.

Dr. Joseph Pratt discussing Dr. Cabot's speech before the Massachusetts Medical Society. (See page 79.)

# The Mourning Lather

His clowning glory

By G. LATKOVICH, JR.

Condensed from *The Duquesne Monthly\**

Once there was an old king. He was a very nasty old king. In fact, he was so nasty that he developed an incurable case of insomnia from trying to think of new ways to gyp widows and orphans. One day he summoned his Head Torturer.

"Head Torturer," he said, "I want you to invent for me a new torture. A torture that will surpass the excruciating pain of the rack, the unmitigated agony of the thumb screw, the searing of boiling oil. In short, I want a torture that will have no equal. If at the end of thirty days you do not have for me this supreme torture I shall have your heart for breakfast. With mustard."

So the Head Torturer got himself gone. He retired to the depths of his dungeons and pondered mightily. He flayed his twisted brain to discover some new wrinkle in the torture racket. For 29 days and 29 nights he entertained idea after idea and discarded each in turn. Suddenly he leaped to his feet with a shout of triumph.

Working swiftly he fashioned a peculiar little instrument. It had a small cylindrical handle which screwed onto two small pieces of oblong metal, slightly curved. When

the handle was unscrewed the two pieces of metal came apart to allow the insertion of a thin blade, preferably blue.

The king on being told of the devilish use it could be put to, was so pleased that he presented the Head Torturer with half his kingdom in appreciation.

That, my fellow sufferers, was the origin of the safety razor.

How many mornings have I stood squinting into the bathroom mirror wondering if I might get by without shaving. Passing a tentative hand over my jaw I curse that king and his Head Torturer.

While filling the wash bowl in preparation for the ordeal, I find the water is tepid. Resignedly I reach up to remove the brush and shaving cream from their stately perch atop the medicine cabinet. They positively sneer as I lift them down.

The razor should be in its case in the cabinet, but isn't. I search. I reconnoiter. I investigate. I am about to call in the bloodhounds when I find it reposing coyly under the bathtub.

Then, there are the blades. Cute little things, razor blades. So thin and shiny and dull. Finally, the

*\*Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa. Jan., 1938.*

necessary paraphernalia is gathered and the Devil's rite is ready to begin.

I lather my face with the sneering brush until I look like a fair imitation of a snow drift gone slightly astray. In the process I always manage to get some up my nose or in my eye, usually both, but this only adds to the fun.

Grasping the little instrument firmly in my right hand I bury it delicately in the snow drift on the side of my face. I give it a tug downward and wince. It has begun. With much the same stoical manner probably used by the early martyrs, I continue the tug.

Slowly and with infinite care I scrape my jaw. The sound effects are reminiscent of a wooden block being rubbed determinedly against a sheet of sandpaper. From my ear to the point of my chin I have collected three nicks and two minor abrasions. Not bad. Batting about 500.

I am about to attack the fast drying snow drift on the opposite cheek when a soft, mellifluous voice floats up the stairs.

"Marmaduke," it calls dulcetly, "you're wanted on the telephone."

This time I divide my curses between the king and the braying ass who hasn't the decency to wait until a man is done with his shaving.

Muttering choice epithets to no one in particular I march down the stairs.

Ten minutes flit by on wings of quicksilver before I am once more back in the bathroom. I relather and continue. I am lucky this time. Only one nick and no abrasions to speak of.

At long last I am finished. The last few hairs have been hunted down and annihilated. Nothing remains to be done, but to apply what the manufacturers quaintly term after shaving lotion.

I have my own special way of applying this so-called lotion. Pouring out a small portion in one palm, I pat it on my already abused and mutely pleading face with the fastest possible motion. Immediately, after, I go into what I have termed as The Shaving Lotion Hop. It is a heterogeneous combination of the foxtrot, a Commanche war dance, the highland fling and an Irish polka, with a few choice whoops and bellows thrown in for comic relief.

After a minute or so the sting has become sufficiently bearable to permit me to stand still and view the results of my handiwork. The mirror reflects my pink cherubic countenance absolutely devoid of all hair, brunette or otherwise. I am happy, but only for a moment. Tomorrow is another morning.

# Women Who Practiced Medicine

Condensed from *The Catholic Girl*

By PEARL H. CAMPBELL

The names of the very first women who practiced medicine, according to an old Grecian legend, are immortalized in the words "hygiene" and "panacea."

Hygiea and Panacea, according to Greek mythology, were the daughters of Aesculapius, the god of medicine. Their grandfather was Apollo who was the personification of physical strength and beauty. In their far-off home among the mountains of Thessaly, according to the legend, these two girls helped their father in his work of healing the sick. Hygiea was especially distinguished as the goddess of health, or the preserver of good health. Panacea was invoked as the restorer of health after it had been lost. Of the two, Hygiea seems to have been the favorite, for in the museum at Athens there is a bas-relief from the temple of Aesculapius which shows the father seated on a throne guarded by a coiled serpent, always his symbol. Hygiea stands close beside him, as though waiting to speed on some mission of mercy.

The women of Greece, from the very earliest times, possessed a high degree of medical skill, very like that of our American Indians. Their

medicines were made from plants and herbs gathered from the fields and hillsides and prepared at home. Other women were famed for deft hands that could treat bruises and festering sores made by arrows and sword thrusts. Their knowledge came originally from the women of a still older land, mysterious Egypt. In the *Odyssey* mention is made of a famous Egyptian woman doctor, Polydamna. Her name means the subduer of many diseases. Egypt teemed with drugs, and since Greece got much of its knowledge and culture from the Land of the Nile, there is every reason to believe the women physicians there passed on what they knew to their sisters in Greece.

There was rivalry between men and women in those far-off times, just as there was in the early part of the 19th century in America, when women who wanted to study medicine were refused admission to the colleges. A law in Athens at one time forbade women to study or practice medicine on pain of death. As a result many women died because they were too modest to submit to an examination by a man doctor.

Fortunately there was an Athen-

*\*Buechler Publishing Co., Belleville, Ill. Jan., 1938.*



ian girl who was both brave and resourceful. Her name was Agnodice and because she was nobly born she seems to have had more freedom than many of her sisters. She knew of the suffering in the wretched little huts of the poor and hidden in the seclusion of the palaces of the rich. She studied secretly and learned many remedies, but so long as the cruel law remained in force she dared not give even a dose of the simplest remedy to a slave maiden.

At last Agnodice resolved to do something very brave. She dressed like a man and became the pupil of Hierophilos, the most skillful doctor in Athens. In order to carry out her plan she must have had the help of her father and brothers. Otherwise she never could have kept her secret so well. Having learned all that Hierophilos could teach her, she went to see a woman who had long been ill and offered to cure her. The sick woman listened eagerly, and then sadly turned her face to the wall, weeping for pain and grief.

"You are a man," she said, "and I cannot let you treat me."

"But I am not," said Agnodice. "I am just a maiden, though the learned doctor thought I was a boy. I was his most proficient pupil and I know I can help you."

The woman gladly consented to

be treated and in a short time she was perfectly well. She whispered the secret of her restored health to her friends. Women and girls came to Agnodice in great numbers and so busy and skilful was she that in a short time she was the most successful and best loved physician of the women of Athens.

Then some man doctor, jealous of her fame and success, revealed that she was a woman. The cruel old law was invoked, Agnodice was brought before the council and condemned to death. News spread quickly, even in those days. Women and girls, who had been her patients and to whom she had brought health, and even life itself, rushed into the hall and told those solemn judges that they would no longer consider them as husbands and friends and brothers but as cruel enemies if they condemned Agnodice to death. "She has brought us health and happiness," they said. "If Agnodice dies, we will all die with her."

The judges were sensible. They repealed the law and made another which permitted girls of the higher classes to study medicine and afterward to treat those of her own sex. Successful physicians were well paid. So long as Athens was famed as a student center, there were many women who came from distant parts of Greece to study medicine



under well-trained women teachers.

Greek doctors, both men and women, were practicing medicine in Rome at least two centuries before the introduction of Christianity. When the first missionaries brought the teaching of Christ to Rome, with its emphasis on purity of living and gentleness and kindness, many of these women physicians were among the first to become converts. There was Theodosia, famed for her knowledge of medicine and surgery, who died for the faith during the persecutions of Diocletian. Nicerata, a woman doctor of Constantinople, treated both men and women and is said to have cured St. John Chrysostom of a disease that had troubled him for years.

Most interesting of all these women was Fabiola, who founded the first hospital. She belonged to one of the richest and most powerful patrician families in Rome. She might have spent her time as other girls of the age did, in fun and frivolity. Instead she studied medicine and later became converted, probably after listening to Jerome, who preached at Rome in 382. Gentle always and kind to the poor, Fabiola began to show all Rome how rich in good works a Christian life can be.

She began by establishing a hospital, an institution absolutely un-

known at the time and an innovation so great that news of it spread to the remotest parts of the world. Fabiola had done much for the sick by visiting them in their own homes. Sometimes she would take a patient to her own stately villa, where she should be sure that her orders were carried out. Her methods of treating the suffering were as different from those of other doctors as were the debasing lessons of heathendom from the elevating precepts of the Gospel.

Fabiola chose for the site of her experiment the city of Ostia, the port of entry to Rome. Busy, densely populated, thronged with people from all parts of the world, it offered a great opportunity to help the suffering and to spread the faith of Christ. The hospital succeeded so well that when Jerome visited it, he was so pleased with what he saw that he wrote, "If I had a hundred tongues and a hundred mouths and iron lungs, I should not be able to name all the diseases to which Fabiola gave the tenderest care—to the extent of making even the poor who were in health envy the good fortune of those who were sick."

Nowadays we take hospitals and charitable institutions as a matter of course. We forget that they are an outgrowth of Christianity, for the pagan world was callously in-

different to suffering. Fabiola's hospital was a beacon light and its influence was felt long after the Roman empire had fallen into oblivion.

When Fabiola died all Rome came to her funeral. She was called the "solace of the sick and the comforter of the distressed."



### *Cure for Melancholy*

Nearly one out of every 1,000 persons in the U. S. is a Catholic Sister. The latest reliable survey showed that there were 123,304 Sisters in this country at the end of 1933. The present number is probably larger.

When you feel that everything is going wrong, do not go to the movies to forget, but visit a Catholic orphan asylum. There you will find some of the 5,615 Sisters who are caring for children. Or visit one of their homes for the aged or infirm where 1,669 devote themselves to others. You will be astonished to see what happiness their self-sacrifice brings to young and old.

It is the classroom, however, where the majority of our Sisters are engaged. There, 72,497 Sisters are to be found at work. They are providing for over two million pupils an education which meets all the requirements of City and State Educational Boards. It is an education which does not neglect religion, but trains the will as well as the mind and forms those habits of life which make good Americans, because they make good Catholics.

In the U. S. today there are 3,179 Catholic hospitals, homes, social welfare and other charitable societies. The Catholic Church conducts (according to a 1928 survey) 9.3 per cent of all the hospitals in the U. S., in which, the American Medical Association says, it has competent staffs and reputable physicians. Their bed capacity is 9.6 per cent of the bed capacity of all American hospitals.

These Catholic hospitals provide for over 5,000 internes, thus furnishing places for all students who graduate. The Sisters in these hospitals conduct 425 schools for nurses, which are attended by almost one-fourth of all the student nurses in the country. It is estimated that more than 70,000 persons who follow the nursing profession in the U. S. are graduates of Catholic training schools.

The Sisters of Charity of the Order of Saint Vincent de Paul care for 300 lepers in the Leprosarium at Carville, La. They took over the charge of this from the State of Louisiana in 1921. In the tenth annual report addressed to the Governor and State Assembly, the Board of Control says, "Fortune blessed the State and the unfortunate victims of the disease when this first Board (1895) was enabled to execute a contract with the Sisters of Charity which secured their services at the Home. The only compensation they receive is \$100 a year for clothing."

Sacred Heart Almanac (1938)

# The Fifth Column

The quality of mercy . . .

By GAULT MACGOWAN

Condensed from *America*

**The** Fifth Column was a name given by General Francisco Franco, the Insurgent Generalissimo, to his sympathizers behind the Red lines in the Madrid zone. In the first flush of his victories in the early days of the civil war, he declared that the four columns of his army converging on Madrid would be welcomed by a Fifth Column of the disillusioned. It was an unfortunate pronouncement, as it turned out. For it served to direct the attention of the Red demagogues against a so-called "enemy in their midst."

As soon as the report of General Franco's announcement of a Fifth Column reached Valencia, the Government determined to make any such mass welcome to the liberators impossible. Their first offensive was directed against all ex-officers of the army and navy who might be expected to be friendly to Nationalism. By an order published in the Madrid newspapers, all those on the retired list of the fighting services were directed to call immediately at the offices of the "Direccion General de Clases Pasivas" in the Cases de la Moneda, Plaza de Colon, to comply with new regulations con-

cerning their pensions.

Some 1,000 ex-officers arrived and formed themselves into a line to wait their turn for interview, filling in the time by renewing old acquaintanceships and chatting affably together. At last some of those in the tail of the line began to wonder why progress was not faster. Their assembly had been ordered for 4 P. M. and it became obvious that all could not be seen before nightfall. So a few of them walked up the line to the stairway of the building to inquire from some of those who came out what the delay was all about. To their surprise they saw only men going in. Out of curiosity they walked around to the back of the building to see if by chance the exit was that way.

Then the mystery was revealed. They found the street blocked by militia and by a line of prison vans. As the officers came out they were being hurried into them and whirled off to jail. The delay in clearing the line was due to the necessity for emptying the vans. The astonished discoverers of the ruse promptly gave the alarm to the remnant of the queue and fled. But not before 800 had been ar-

rested, never to be seen again. Of those who fled, only the most vigilant escaped arrest within a day or so. Those who were so unwise as to linger at their last registered address were picked up by squads from the police department. They learned too late that the muster had been a ruse to avoid the publicity attendant on individual arrests; part of the plan was to go on drawing ex-officers pensions as if the recipients were still there to receive them. This effectively disposed of all experienced officers who might become leaders of an active Fifth Column.

The next step was to deal with the rank and file. On the pretext of making a food census for the civil population, the Government required every Madrid resident to file an application stating his or her name, age and occupation. If you rashly admitted to being a lawyer, military tailor, jeweler, dress designer, merchant, high-priced specialty salesman, high-class printer or stationer, real estate agent, banker, stock-broker, right-wing newspaperman, or even a saddler, it was just too bad! Even the superintendents of buildings in the silk-stockings district found themselves arrested. And if you had a son or daughter in any of the above highly-suspect positions, it was a pity. Horatio Alger sons

were a liability, not an asset.

The latest figures I could obtain showed that at the height of the persecution there were approximately 20,000 political prisoners in Red jails in Madrid. All the regular criminals had been freed to accomodate them; when the official jails became full, convents were utilized as overflow prisons. Of those 20,000, about 1,500 were shot in cold blood when the jail in which they were held on the outskirts of Madrid looked like it might fall into Franco's hands. Another 1,000 Fifth Column prisoners were used as hostages and shot off in bunches as reprisals for Insurgent air-raids. Every time there was a bombardment, the assassination parade was doubled or trebled. The system was but a poor apology for the neglect of customary methods of combating hostile attack.

The Fifth Column served a further useful purpose to the Red Government. It provided them with a scapegoat for the excesses of the thugs and assassins within their own ranks. When any particularly revolting Red job required explanation, it could frequently be blamed on the Fifth Column. When any outrageous example of Government mismanagement leaped into light, the failure could be blamed on the Fifth Column sabotage. When anarchists dashed about Ma-

drid in big motorcars, looted the garages of wealthy, and held inquisitions on private citizens in the name of the Cheka, it was convenient to attribute the commotion to Fifth Column raiders.

Today, behind piles of coal in Madrid cellars, in attics, outhouses, sewers and cunning hideaways, there is a straggling remnant of the once confident Fifth Column. As the war drags on, their plight becomes worse. Few of them have any hope left. They are not allowed to know that the day of their deliverance is nigh. Knowledge of Franco's successes is not broadcast to the people. But those who are working for the salvation of this remnant of the Lost Legion will not lose hope while one of them remains alive.

There is no equivalent of the Fifth Column in Nationalist Spain. In London, Paris and New York, I have met numbers of refugees from *Espana Podrida*, but none from Franco's side. Nor have I ever met anyone who claimed that his

wife and family had been murdered by the Nationalists or that he had to flee for his life. And I have not met anyone who knew someone who knew someone who had. Despite the propaganda of certain university professors in this country, there are plenty of Liberals in General Franco's territory. It would be unlikely if there were none since General Franco controls the greater part of Spain today.

If there are few openly defiant Reds there are plenty of Parlor Pinks. They are the natural legacy from the educational program which was foisted on the schools of Spain by Moscow sympathizers seven or eight years ago. The result is a generation trained partly or wholly along Communist lines. But I have never heard of any interference with their political faith. They do not have to inhabit cellars or seek the hospitality of sewers. They are free to go about their daily tasks and earn their living. All that is expected of them is to behave like decent citizens.



### Search

How many have died or been maimed in chemical and biological research; how many litter the track to the Northern or Southern Pole; how many dead and still to die in the conquest of the air, or in the annihilation of space in speed? It is not that these are not grieved for: but they are not grudged. The only field of research in which a man may make no sacrifices under pain of being called a fanatic, is God. From *The Desert Fathers* by Helen Waddell (London, Constable & Company, 1936)



# A New Calendar By 1939?

By EDWARD S. SCHWEGLER

How to get rid of one day

Condensed from *The Ecclesiastical Review*

**The** subject of calendar reform continues to pop up right along; and it is to be feared that the great majority even of educated people do not quite understand what it is all about.

At the present time in particular there is much discussion about the possibility of introducing a revised calendar in 1939. Why 1939? Because that year begins with a Sunday; and the only plan for reform that has met with anything like universal approbation also begins with a Sunday. If 1939 does not bring us a revised calendar, we shall have to wait until 1950 before we again have a year beginning with Sunday.

The anxiety to start off on a Sunday is of course due to the fact that no one would wish to drop or lose one or more days by introducing a new calendar, as would happen, for example, if the Gregorian year of introduction began on Thursday. Calendar reform is sufficiently controversial as it is, without any added difficulties.

Mention has just been made of the only plan that has met with anything like universal approval. This is the so-called "World Calendar." It consists of 12 months

counting a total of 364 days. Every three months constitute a quarter quite identical with the other quarters, each of which has the same number of days, 91 (31,30,30), and the same recurrence of relative dates and weekday names.

With our present calendar, each year begins a day (two days in leap years) later than the previous year. The meddlesome extra day is the one left over after 365 is divided by 7, the number of days in the week. If the year consisted of 364 days instead of 365, the number of days would be exactly divisible by 7, each year would begin with the same day of the week, and a uniform calendar for each year would result.

Modern calendar reform does the unprecedented by sequestering the troublesome day (two days in leap year), making it a holiday, and taking it out of the usual succession of weekdays entirely. In this way only 364 Sundays and weekdays are counted, and the desired uniformity is produced.

From another standpoint, the plan is equivalent to taking a week in the year and ending it with two Sundays instead of one; or, as some insist, it is introducing one

1722 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Feb., 1938.



or two 8-day weeks into the year.

The sequestered day has received many names. Calendar reformers prefer "supplementary day." The other terms are misleading. The extra day or days in the reformed calendars are, after all, real days of 24 hours each. They simply have names of their own and are placed outside the ordinary calculations of the weeks.

The World Calendar as above outlined has received its most powerful and consistent support from the World Calendar Association of New York. This organization has allied itself with similar groups in the principal countries of the world. Every year since 1931 it has published the *Journal of Calendar Reform*, which is sent out to all members and associates of the organization, and to all large libraries and educational institutions in the country. It is a dignified, learned review, and has helped to place the subject of calendar reform on a very high intellectual plane.

The list of contributors to the *Journal* reads almost like a publisher's dream. It is profoundly significant to find all the persons of national and international reputation who have thought enough of the World Calendar not merely to approve of it, but to write about it, or some aspect of it, *in extenso*.

Just to mention a few names: S. Parkes Cadman, H. Parker Willis, Dom Fernand Cabrol, Rear Admiral F. B. Upham, Mahatma Gandhi, Professor N. C. Abott, Professor Bristow Adams, Professor C. C. Wylie, George Gordon Battle, Henry W. Bearce, Lord Desborough, D. R. Fotheringham, Ernest McCulloch, Rear Admiral W. A. Moffett, Julian Morgenstern, Erich Przybyllok, Archbishop D. Garmanos, Capt. J. F. Hellweg, P. W. Wilson, Robert Hunt Lyman, Dr. I. G. Reyea, Professor Arthur Kennelly, Charles Francis Potter, James Henry Breasted, Abbe Chauve-Bertrand, Bishop Manning and many others.

Stabilizing Easter, which is a religious holiday, and introducing the supplementary day, which would have an effect on the traditionally sacred institution of the seven-day week, are both matters of a primarily religious nature, and so would have to be settled by religious authority. There is no intrinsic and necessary connection between stabilizing Easter and stabilizing the calendar. Easter could be placed on a definite Sunday, and so "stabilized," without introducing the World Calendar at all; and, on the other hand, Easter could be placed, as at present, on the Sunday following the full moon after the vernal equinox, even if the

permanent World Calendar were adopted.

It seems definitely clear that the Vatican finds no dogmatic difficulty either in the stabilizing of the Easter date or in the use of the supplementary day to stabilize the whole calendar. The latter point is extremely significant. Up to now there has been a great deal of diffidence about accepting the "blank day" idea on religious grounds.

The stand of the Holy See on the whole question of calendar reform to date is very understandable. The calendar is deeply rooted in the most venerable of traditions, and the Vatican naturally feels that no changes should be made in it unless there is an insistent and well-nigh universal demand for such changes. It also evidently feels that, the matter of Easter having been settled by an ecumenical council, any change in this element of the calendar should be settled through similar channels. Therefore the task before those interested in calendar reform, if they wish ever to gain the approval of the Holy See, is to arouse a steadily increasing volume of public opinion, whilst at the same time treating all religious issues of the movement with the utmost carefulness and sympathy.

The following seems to be the most significant conclusions to be

drawn from an analysis of the present status of calendar reform:

1. There will not be a revision of the calendar by 1939.

2. "Calendar reform" now means only one thing: the World Calendar with twelve months, four equal quarters, and one or two supplementary days.

3. Neither the proposal to stabilize Easter nor the use of the supplementary day to stabilize the calendar in general meets with any dogmatic difficulties.

4. Easter can be placed on a more permanent date without changing the calendar, and the calendar can be made permanent without eliminating the present method of calculating Easter.

5. The League of Nations does not consider the matter closed, but is merely setting it aside "until further notice."

6. The Holy See would be open to conviction if there were a sufficiently insistent demand for calendar reform.

7. It is permissible for Catholics to discuss the matter pro and con, provided always they insist on the necessary religious implications of the subject and upon the sole competence of the Holy See to pass the final decision.

8. Those interested in calendar reform must produce a much more effective and universal public opin-

ion, before they can hope for any definite results.

And so, apparently for some time to come, we shall have to continue

the time-honored practice of rattling off, "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November . . ."



### *O. S. B.*

The Rule of St. Benedict may fitly find a place in any collection of classics. There is probably no other book, save, of course, the Holy Bible, which with such certainty can be claimed as a chief factor in the work of European civilization. It is undeniable that most of the nations of modern Europe were converted to the Christian faith and tutored in the arts of peace by the influence of the mode of life known as monastic. The men whose names are connected with the beginnings of civilization in the various countries of Europe, and their fellow laborers, were for the most part trained for their mission under the Rule of St. Benedict. Such, for example, were Augustine in England, Boniface in Germany, Ansgar in Scandinavia, Swithbert and Willibrord in the Netherlands, and many others. In view of these facts, therefore, it will hardly be denied that the monastic system, as codified in the Rule of St. Benedict, has been proved to possess some strange power of influencing great bodies of men and winning them from the darkness of paganism and the horrors of savagery to the light of Christianity and the blessings of a civilized life.

Cardinal Gasquet quoted in *Light* (Feb. '38)



### *U. S. P. R.*

A hundred years ago one of the first Parliamentary Governments in the Iberian Peninsula nationalized the abbey of Santo Domingo de Silos to the usual song about Progress, Development and the Welfare of the Great Toiling Masses. What was the result? The village of Silos was starved almost out of existence, the abbey fell into ruinous condition, and its literary and artistic treasures went, not to enlighten the Great Toiling Masses, but to find a place in the Louvre and the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris and the British Museum in London, greatly to the financial advantage of the austere patriots who had the administration of the property.

*The Downside Review* (Jan. '38)

# Davey Hamilton

By ISIDORE O'BRIEN, O. F. M.

Condensed from *The Franciscan*

Writer and magician at work

The so-called Reformation—which reformed nothing—had a profound effect on that part of County Antrim where I was born and reared. Scarcely two families belonged to the same sect. Out of a population of 5,000 souls there were members of High Church and Low Church, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Calvinists, Hussites, Plymouth Brethren, Wesleyans, and, it was whispered, one Unitarian, who, strangely enough, kept the local saloon.

The most persistent advocate of Calvinism was one Davey Hamilton; the opposing ranks sent their best generals against him, only to see them vanquished. For Davey had a modest though fundamental advantage over his opponents in this, that he could read, while they had to depend on hearsay—a definite drawback when defending nice distinctions and historical arguments. To reduce the opposition to silence Davey had only to open the Bible and ask them to read for him the verses under debate, for not one of them knew the Bible from Moore's Almanac or Burns' Poems—except perhaps by their illustrations. And their arguments generally ended up as do the argu-

ments of most literary debaters; the exchange of opinions only convinced each one more strongly than ever that he was right.

Since Davey Hamilton exercised a great influence on my early life, from about my fifth till about my 11th year, I may be pardoned for describing him. First he was so severely crippled from rheumatism that he could walk only with the aid of two sticks, which he used not as crutches but quadruped fashion. This, apart from the affliction it caused him, was the basis of our close relationship. I became practically his hands and feet. He was a bachelor, as he said, by persuasion, and lived with his brother James, also a bachelor, by desire, and likewise afflicted.

It was natural then that I would turn to him in my hour of intellectual anaemia and imaginative aridity. The time had come when I was to produce my first literary composition. The teacher let us select our own topic, for he said that this very selection would indicate to him our type of mind, if any.

Such subtlety left me adrift. For out of all the vast creation around me I could not determine on one

389 Main St., Paterson, N. J. Feb., 1938.

topic that seemed worthwhile. There were the woods; but anybody and everybody could see them as plainly as I could. The hills were equally evident to all. The river arrested me for a while, but even it was an open book to the neighborhood. My vacation then? That offered a possibility; but as I turned it over in my mind I realized readily that the only things which I had really enjoyed were incidents which I did not exactly want published. I consulted my mother, who suggested The Cow as a topic. But I felt that this angle was being overdone even then. She then suggested The Sea, but since I had never seen the sea I realized that my treatment of it would be anything but lively. As a despairing alternative she said, Why not write on What We Owe Our Parents? This left me aghast, for it had not so far dawned on me that I owed them anything: in fact in my darker moments I had often totalled up quite a bill of items which I thought they owed me. I left her as helpless as I had gone to her. Then like a great light the idea dawned on me: I would go to Davey Hamilton.

I found him where I always found him, in the chair to the right of the turf fire, with James to the left. He was dressed as usual, in an outmoded uniform of His

Majesty's Navy, consisting of a long cloak and cape. James was in an equally fantastic uniform of the British Army; for these two lived miserly, getting their clothes from some sort of quasi-military store in London which, through a catalogue, advertised cheap coats which were tailored in the manner of Wellington and Nelson. Thus I found, so to speak, the Army and Navy on each side of the fire, discoursing over a pot of potatoes which hung between them. But the spectacle was so common to me that it evoked no reaction. I laid my problem before Davey. Would he help? He could scarcely do less. With great difficulty he arose and went to the parlor, telling me to wait for him.

That was about noon. At six o'clock he had not yet returned. To kill time and distract my mind from the anxiety of waiting I climbed several barns, visited a family of pups in the neighborhood and rode several unbroken colts to the river and back, about two miles each way. Still Homer wrestled with the Muse. Still the mists remained on Olympus. Still Delphi was mute. Then when all my diversions were exhausted, Davey emerged with the immortal document: a 26 page treatise, written in grand Spencerian hand, on *The Evils of John Barleycorn among the*



*Indians of North America*, by George O'Brien, Esq. This I handed in! (When I returned home years later to say my first Mass the teacher showed me the document which he had preserved, he said, for that occasion.)

But Davey's talents were not confined to literature and mathematics. Like many others in the neighborhood he dabbled in magic, but on the positive, constructive side of the question. His arguments, he explained to me, were based on the principle that every poison has an antidote, if you can find it; every force has a counterforce, if you can discover it. And so he opposed magic to magic. A test case arose. Our neighborhood witch had turned herself loose again. Cows all over the parish were giving milk galore, but no butter could be made from it, for the witch, with adroit economy, had gathered the butter off the clover and left only the milk. Young cattle were growing thinner the more they ate, for again the witch, with an eye to vitamins, had vacuum-cleaned the fats off the grass.

Davey decided to test his theories. He had to work quietly, for he was not an orthodox charmer; in fact his hypotheses were generally scoffed at by the local magicians. He selected a Sunday afternoon for his secret attempt, and

wisely so, for there is nothing quite so quiet as a Sunday afternoon in Scotland or in County Antrim. Beside it the Sabbath of the ancient Pharisees was a saturnalia. He had selected a young black heifer belonging to a neighbor as his first case, and he asked me to accompany him. I got excused from serving Benediction and gladly accompanied him. We found the heifer lying down in a sloping, sparsely wooded grazing patch below which ran the river. We approached her cautiously, though she looked too anaemic to arise anyhow.

Davey stuck two sticks in the ground and motioned me to assist him. First he stood at the animal's right side and uttered a few strange words, bending over and rubbing the back of her right ear with a mysterious ointment. I moved him to her left side, where he repeated the ritual. Then he directed me to lead him in front of her. He spoke the same words and was bending over to rub the salve on the front of her ears when the heifer decided that, despite her weakened condition, she had had enough of this unusual attention. As she rose abruptly she lurched forward and drove straight between Davey's knees, hoisting him over her head. Both were equally startled. Davey hung onto her back, but in reverse position, as, with a fearful bellow,



the animal started off downhill in the direction of the river.

Now, a religious revival was enlivening our valley at this particular time, and the leaders of the movement had gone back to Biblical customs in delivering their message of exhortation, penance and light; that is, they led their neophytes in multitudes to the banks of rivers, lakes and streams and there propounded their doctrine. All too late I saw that such a throng was gathered on the farther bank of the river toward which Davey was being borne on the animal's back, as Europa of old was carried away by the Olympian Bull. Facing as he was in the opposite direction to which he was going, he had no opportunity to see the throng by the river or their startled looks as the gaunt, black animal tore down the slope toward them, a veritable chastisement rushing upon them from another world. The heifer came to an abrupt halt, head down, on the edge of the river's high bank; but Davey was not so fortunate. Jarred

loose from his moorings by the beast's sudden halt in mid-gallop, he left the animal's back and sailed, still in reverse, far out into the river, his admiral's cloak lifted well over his head.

If the preacher on that occasion was hoping for a visible sign from Above or Below to prove the need of immediate penance in that locality it was given to him in a person in admiral's braid coming bouncing across the waters to sink at his very feet. But a practical problem presented itself to me. I knew that Davey would drown in a few minutes, with a whole religious revival looking down at him, if he were not rescued, for he could neither swim nor walk. And so for the second time within a few minutes the throng of listeners beheld a second and smaller person dive into the water before them.

A small but severe delegation of revivalists called to see my father that evening, but I was deep in the blankets dreaming of black animals diving into unfathomable depths.



### *Enthusiasm*

is praised because it implies an unselfish concern for something outside our personal interest and advancement. It is revered because the great and wise amendments, which from time to time straighten the roads we walk, may always be traced back to somebody's zeal for reform. It is rich in prophetic attributes, banking largely on the unknown, and making up in nobility of design what it lacks in excellence of attainment.

From *Eight Decades* by Agnes Repplier

# Hell

By PASCAL AHERN, O. M. CAP.

One makes a choice

Condensed from *The Cowl*

**O**ur desires are constantly on the wing but we insist on beating them down to satisfactions which never satisfy. Our days alternate between anticipation and disillusionment. The experience of successive emptiness in all our joys is further embittered by the innate conviction that some place, somehow our longings ought to be satisfied. The saints were undisturbed by this pang of disappointment. Spurning the delights of life they winged their course directly to God where the heart of man is quieted with the object of its desire. God's infinite beauty, goodness and truth is the magnet that has sensitized our soul and, although deflected by ignorance or perversity, the soul will be restless until it rests in God.

On the other hand, a man can consciously build up within himself a disposition directly opposed to God. Instead of fitting his actions into a framework designed by God, he sets all his behavior to a plan of his own. Let us take for granted that he dies in this condition.

There are two outstanding characteristics of life after death; permanency and clarity: the permanency and unchangeableness of eter-

nity; the clarity of revelation when we shall no longer see as in a mirror or after a dark manner. And being caught between these two forms constitutes the great dilemma of hell.

When the shadows of death cover the body, the light of eternity rises before the soul. And in the brightness of this light our desires are caught up into one single incandescent ray and focussed on God. For in death God is manifested as our supreme good, the object of all our tendencies, the sole source of eternal peace and joy and like a flash of lightning the soul gathers itself together to cast itself upon God, but—at the very zenith of its swift advance the soul is twisted and tortured by a fierce impact and, in a state of complete bewilderment, dragged to the depths of sorrow by its own weight of sin. For in its recognition of God as the all encompassing good the soul had forgotten its sinful, anti-divine character frozen and fixed by the alchemy of eternity. Forever the soul propels itself towards God by innate love; forever it is propelled from Him by consciously constructed hate, and this eternal tearing of the soul is Hell!

What is this monstrous thing of a soul divided against itself? Simple privation of pleasure. Positive infliction of pain can still leave the soul untouched and unaffected, but when the soul rises up within itself, and, with a force that is almost infinite, reaches out to supreme beauty only to find itself hurrying towards its chosen sin, the tension is soul-rending. The pain of an exposed nerve is quite intolerable but never so intense as the sensitiveness of the fibres of the soul, stretched between good and evil, exposed to the ever flitting, ever permanent emotions of hate, bewilderment, remorse, despair,—and that forever!

Yet it is the destiny of man's own choosing. During life he has identified himself with sin. His in-

terest, determination, outlook were incompatible with Heaven and he chose to cross the frontiers of life, to change over to a land that knows neither change nor penance. Hell is our own choice and making.

There are other forms of pain and sorrow in hell, corresponding to the misdemeanors of life but the essential terror of that dark place of sorrow is that bewildering division of the soul straining towards the dawn of beatific day, yet anchored firmly to sin and despair.

So if the Church sets up beacon-lights of warning along the shore of life, her action is not a mere gesture of some unfounded belief, nor is it a will-o-the-wisp to beguile men into subjection but rather a profound expression of her unflinching love.



### *Question and Answer*

May a lay person bless anything?

Yes, anything and everything. It is a fine old Catholic custom. You may use holy water and sprinkle it on yourself, your children when retiring or leaving the house, or kitchen, or garden, your vegetables, fruit, food, etc. I remember my mother always made the sign of the cross over a loaf of bread before she began to slice it. You can choose your own words and way in calling God's blessing on people and things with or without using holy water, with or without the sign of the cross. All Christians are members of the general priesthood of which St. Peter speaks, because they have received the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation, and they bless, not exactly in the same way in which a priest does, but legitimately and effectively.

The Christian Family and Our Missions (Dec. '37)

### *Profit and Loss*

Father Hilary Rosenfeld, O.S.B., of the Atchison Abbey, who was a convert from Judaism, being one day asked why, not satisfied with becoming a Christian, he had become a monk as well, replied, "Well, not long after becoming a Christian, I learned that those who leave the world to become religious are paid back a hundred-fold, and my keen Hebrew sense of a bargain just got the best of me."

The Abbey Chronicle.

# The Declension of Germany

By JOSEPH MATT

Hitler up, Germany down

Condensed from *The Wanderer*

**Before** the U. S. declared war on Germany I published, in addition to my editorial writings, several books and pamphlets in defense of the land of my birth. I still love that land and it is that love, together with a deep devotion to right justice, which impels me to accuse and indict the present regime of Germany as firmly and deliberately as I defended the one of former days.

I accuse and indict the government of the Third Reich of rank injustices inflicted on millions of our German brethren because of their adherence to the laws of God and the dictates of their conscience. I accuse and indict the German government of official sanction of teachings, which are as dangerous a menace to Christian civilization as the Red peril of Bolshevism.

When a State defies fundamental laws of justice, threatens to destroy the very pillars of order, defiles that which is prized as a sacred heritage by millions of people, it can no longer plead immunity against foreign criticism but must take the consequences of its evil deeds, answer for them at the bar of justice.

The encyclical letter of the Holy Father leaves no doubt about the

seriousness of the persecution of the Church in Germany. How was it possible for National Socialism to get a stronghold on the German nation and keep 60 million intelligent people in submission?

The tragedy of 1918 climaxed by the peace treaty of Versailles, left Germany a nation of beggars. Yet, after the first shock it pulled itself together.

Unfortunately, Europe, bent on exploiting Germany gloated over the misfortune of the German people, like Clemenceau who said, "Still 24 millions too many of them!" When every ounce of money had been squeezed out of the German nation, Poincare ordered the French army into the Ruhr district. Economic life came to a complete standstill. Conditions became fantastic. Prices in restaurants rose by the millions between the time the guest ordered his meal and the time he paid his bill. The investments of people were wiped out over night.

France, Europe, finally the whole world, was drawn into the whirlpool of the economic deluge. International conferences made feverish attempts to patch up the treaty of Versailles. But the partial relief

128 E. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn. Jan. 20, 1938.

which followed was largely frustrated by the short-sighted unwillingness of Germany's enemies to listen to the pleas of men like chancellor Dr. Heinrich Brüning.

The Germans after the tragedy of a lost war which they had fought in the honest belief that it was a war of defense, found themselves harassed on all sides. Desperately they sought a way out of the abyss.

Meanwhile a new power had arisen in Germany. What at first had been an insignificant movement led by an eccentric nobody, began to take on formidable proportions. Hitler gathered as in a prism the German peoples' despair and confusion, and offered a solution for every problem. According to his formulas Germany had lost the war because it had refused to fight it to the end. Germany could recover her former greatness only by force. Her weakness was due to the enervating influence of the Jews.

Even in the early stages of the Hitler movement attacks on Judaism soon extended to Christianity and particularly to the Catholic Church. The anti-Jewish gospel, at first primarily an appeal to mob instincts, became a mighty weapon against the Christian churches. For was it not Judaism from which Christianity emanated? Can truth issue from falsity?

The weird philosophy of Alfred Rosenberg became an effective means of propaganda. Nazi propagandists constructed an alleged close cooperation of Judaism and the Catholic Church in winning the war for the Allies. They peddled the most despicable lies about Pope Benedict, the greatest benefactor Germany had during and after the War.

Propaganda laid the ideological foundations of the future rule, while the strong arm of Nazi formations intimidated the people and bludgeoned the weakening opposition. Hindenburg, revered by the entire nation as the grand old man, finally was the only barrier to stem the tide, and his solemn refusal to turn the government over to Hitler for a time saved the situation. But a few weeks later, after the mysterious conflagration of the Reichstag building had decided the election in favor of the Nazis, he succumbed to the suave arguments of Franz von Papen, a well meaning but ambitious Catholic, and Hitler was appointed Chancellor on his own terms.

While the triumphant cries of Hitler's followers still re-echoed through the streets and the first victims of the upheaval either sought security in foreign countries, or landed in prison, concentration camps, or in graveyards, the new



regime began to function. Soon the Nazi revolution developed to its full extent. The constitution was changed at will; the Reichstag became a mere propaganda forum; the Nazi party, identified with the State, ruled with supreme power. The entire press of the country was coordinated in a system controlled by the Minister of Propaganda Goebbels, and papers refusing to fall in line were suppressed or simply taken over by the system, and their editors sent to concentration camps.

While still facing an uncertain future, Hitler gave the German Bishops such assurance of friendly relations with the Church that Franz von Papen was instrumental in negotiating a concordat with the Holy See. For a short time things began to look promising and many Catholics failed to realize that Nazism was a religion, in fact, one of the most insidious heresies in history.

The document was hardly signed when it threatened to become a means of enslaving the Church. The government found a convenient formula to justify every infraction of treaty. Whenever the Church insisted on rights guaranteed by the concordat, she was accused of "political Catholicism." Complaints of encroachments on the liberties of the Catholic press, Catholic organ-

izations and Catholic education increased. The time came when Catholics found themselves deprived of their press. The slightest attempt to defend the Church was punished by confiscation, heavy fines and prison sentences. Today, there is not one single publication in Germany, Catholic or Protestant, which enjoys the meagerest measure of freedom of expression.

With the same brutality the liberty to organize was suppressed. National Socialism organized the youth of the land in the *Hitlerjugend* (for boys) and the *Bund deutscher Maedel* (for girls). Members of Catholic organizations were persecuted, ostracized, shorn of every opportunity to get along in life. Leaders of Catholic organizations, during and after the bloody "purge" of June, 1934, were murdered in cold blood, or, as the official alibi read, shot while trying to escape.

The Bishops' protests were ignored. There was no court in Germany to which Catholics could take their complaints. The courts, too, had become a tool of the party. Whoever spread reports contrary to the interests of the Nazis, was a liar; and if he was a German citizen, he was a traitor and was sentenced under the merciless treason laws.

Rosenberg, whose wild ranting formerly was dismissed with a



shrug, began to exercise his power as the official spokesman in all cultural matters. His ultimate goal, according to his own pronouncements often stated, and frequently retracted, in the Nazi press, is undoubtedly a new national religion, placing on its altars the deified State. Disregarding every lesson of history he expects to rid Germany of the supernational Catholic Church.

An American-born friend in the East, who knows post-war Germany intimately, told me the following incident which may be a legend but graphically illustrates the actual condition. Hitler was warned against a conflict with the Church and reminded of the failures of all persecutors from the Roman emperors down to Napoleon and Bismarck. He jumped to his feet, pounded the table before him and exclaimed, "I shall prove that I can win with the right methods." It is a matter of record that another Nazi leader, Wagner of Munich, has threatened, "We shall not make martyrs of Catholics, but criminals." This apparently is part of the new scheme by which Hitler, with the fanatic assistance of Rosenberg and Goebbels, hopes to conquer.

Enraged because the overwhelming majority of Catholics refused to be impressed, the Nazis last

spring started the infamous immorality trials against priests and members of religious orders. After the most devilish investigation and prosecution barely more than one-half of one per cent could be convicted. Unfairness and brutality in the court room and revolting reports given out by the official press bureau and published in the entire German press tried to cover up the failure of the vicious attack, and for the same purpose several Bishops, who were called to the witness stand, were brazenly accused of perjury and denied the opportunity to clear themselves of the charges.

Goebbels, in what purported to be a reply to Cardinal Mundelein, showed himself as one of the most despicable prevaricators in history when he had the effrontery to assert that thousands upon thousands of priests had been convicted; that the trials had proved that Catholic teachings were directly responsible for the terrible conditions, which he alleged, were the rule among Catholics; that the German nation could no longer entrust its children to the care of Catholic priests and religious, if it wished to save itself from unspeakable corruption.

To impress on the German people the satanic lesson of Goebbels' most infamous speech and to lay the foundation of a religion compatible with the "needs and aspira-

tions" of the German soul as understood by the Nazis—that was the purpose of the sensational trials. The next step was the expulsion of a number of religious Orders, and the exclusion of the Church from the schools. The reaction in foreign countries and fateful developments in the field of international politics made the Nazis pause in their fanatic attempt to crush Christianity and substitute for it a State religion after the heart of Rosenberg.

So far the Nazis derived little encouragement from the results of their fiendish warfare. Many Catholics have undoubtedly been misled, but most of the faithful believe their Bishops and priests more than they believe Rosenberg or Goebels.

The same holds true of millions of Protestants. But Protestantism is divided and strong minorities made common cause with the Nazis

from the very beginning. Those of our Protestant brethren, however, who hold the Bible sacred and believe in the divinity of Christ, have disappointed the tyrannical rulers. Instead of being lured by the promise that "the ultimate purpose of the Reformation" would be achieved in the Third Reich, they steadfastly oppose the Anti-Christian plans of the government. Led by the former submarine commander, Pastor Neimoeller, many Lutheran pastors went to prison in defense of their religious conviction.

Catholics and Protestants alike fearfully await developments. Experience has taught them that the government will shrink at nothing, that the Nazis will not be satisfied with driving Christianity into the catacombs but will proceed to new brutalities, that they will perhaps change their decision to deny the consolation of actual martyrdom.



### *Novena*

It takes a police detail, long lines of busses and streetcars and a corps of 24 ushers to handle the crowds. They stand in rain, snow, heat or cold in block-long jams four and five abreast. They are going to church.

Impossible? Well, you can believe what you see—and you can see the unprecedented "miracle" of church attendance any Friday night at Our Lady of Sorrows Roman Catholic Church in Chicago.

While they stand in long lines extending west from Albany avenue past Kedzie on Jackson boulevard, moving through the church at 3,000 an hour so that about 30,000 attend in a single day, the talk of failing religion sounds as hollow as the well of a pagan oracle.

Pence James in *The Chicago Daily News* (4 Feb. '38)

# Arithmetic of Conversion

How we are doing

By JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C. S. P.

Condensed from *The Preservation of the Faith*

**Facts** established beyond question arouse contrary emotions according to the viewpoint of observers who measure the progress of the Church in the world. So far as Catholic observers are concerned, a feeling of elation is awakened when we note the almost incredible development of the Church in the U. S. during the last 150 years; 5,000 faithful grown into more than 20 million, this vast expanse of country organized in more than 100 dioceses and more than 10,000 parishes, and a Catholic educational system which includes nearly 10,000 schools.

Yet from another point of view, we perceive certain phenomena which stimulate emotions of a different nature. Catholics have been subjected to punishment and persecution in a good many parts of the world within the last 20 years, and there are threats of more to come. More serious than the mere fact of persecution itself is the fact that a small percentage of the people in a modern state can by means of close organization and ruthless methods, obtain control over the lives and the religious activities of a multitude 50 times more numerous than they.

The very mention of Russia, Mex-

ico, Germany and Spain make further elaboration of the argument unnecessary. Possibly the Catholic young people of today will live long enough to experience a greater persecution with a consequent shrinking in numbers of those who profess unshakable loyalty to the Catholic Church. This possibility however, still remains in the realm of speculation. Perhaps widespread and savage persecution will come; and then again, perhaps not.

Much more objective and therefore more dismaying is the fact that at the present we are making a relatively insignificant advance in our spiritual conquest of the world. The number of pagans taken absolutely, increases rapidly from year to year. To realize the truth of this statement, one needs only to consider carefully the reports from our foreign missions.

Surface indications suggest that Christianity is making satisfactory headway. The present century has witnessed extraordinary increase of missionary zeal which displays itself in writing, preaching, instructing, in establishing mission organizations and contributing generously to their support. The membership of the various missionary so-

*Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. Feb., 1938.*

cieties has mounted to nearly ten million, and financial contributions to missionary work have attained as high a figure as \$12,000,000 yearly.

Mission literature has grown swiftly. Periodicals, pamphlets, biographies, reports from the mission fields, scientific monographs and historical studies have multiplied. Among the savage tribes in Africa and Oceania missionary work has met with extraordinary success. African native converts have grown from a handful to some 2 million, and this despite the fact that the natives speak many different languages and the missions are widely scattered over an enormous area. In Latin America something like a million new converts have been added to the Christian fold within recent years. Numerous missionaries are laboring in countries such as India, China, and Japan where a century ago there were few priests or none at all.

The Roman Propaganda now directs a missionary personnel of some 75,000 priests, Brothers and Sisters, in addition to twice that number of lay workers. Of particular significance is the entrance of a great army of religious women into the mission field and one notes an increasing proportion of natives, now nearly one-third, among the missionaries. In the year 1933 the

missions all over the world brought into the Church some 400,000 converts.

A careful analysis of these figures, however, will check any tendency to complacency on our part. Let us say that in Asia, Africa, and Oceania, Catholics number approximately 10 million, and pagans, or non-Christians, somewhat more than a billion. If we assume that the annual biological increase averages about one per cent, then the natural growth of the pagans would make their loss by conversion to Christianity practically negligible, since for every pagan converted some 20 new pagans will be born into the world. In order to prevent the pagans from increasing in number year by year, the Catholic Church would have to make at least 10 million converts annually. As a matter of fact she makes less than 500,000.

Any person, who would anticipate being called to account for lack of adequate success in spreading the faith, might well be appalled. Apart from special divine intervention or a spiritual revolution, the faith will spread slowly. But, then, God does not oblige us to achieve success, but only to contribute our best effort. These facts should not discourage us but make us more surely fix our aim upon the proper target.

# Kinds of Criminals

Crime off the Record

By MARY ELIZABETH WALSH

Condensed from **Pax**

The ordinary statistics of crime do not include the unscrupulous acts of the business world, even though the latter are much more prevalent and injurious than the robberies, kidnappings, and murders which are included. The reasons for this are many. One is that crime statistics in general are unreliable. Police records are the best index of the number of crimes committed but most of the "respectable" criminals never fall into the hands of the police.

When we consider crime in this broader sense, we find that it is much more pervasive than the general public would suspect. It is found among bankers, lawyers, insurance companies, and indeed among many other business and professional groups. It is claimed that fraud is the most prevalent crime in America. Insull, after his escape from the U. S. to avoid prosecution for fraud and embezzlement, is said to have been very much surprised by the antagonism of the American people, as he had done nothing more than what was being done on a large scale by other business men.

The pervasive nature of corrupt practices can be seen from the

many and varied techniques of fraud which human ingenuity, stimulated by the profit motive, has been able to evolve. Misleading balance sheets used by public accountants, the sale of worthless securities by bankers or brokers, the fraudulent increase of the sales price of property by real estate dealers, and the false claims made by manufacturers and salesmen are a few examples of these practices. In fact, a considerable part of modern advertising and of salesmanship illustrate this type of criminality.

Recently the Federal Food and Drug Administration has been calling attention to the damage done by irresponsible merchants, manufacturers, and advertisers, in the field of food, drugs, and cosmetics. Ruth deForest Lamb in her book *American Chamber of Horrors*, which is based on official records, gives us some examples of this damage. A young woman was blinded by an eyelash dye which is still on the market. Scores of people suffering from paralysis and impaired vision have been sent to hospitals for long and expensive treatment as the result of using rat poison to banish superfluous hair. A business man was killed by a

181 E. 93rd St., New York City. Feb., 1938.



radium-charged drinking water that dissolved the bones of his skull instead of curbing the ailment for which it was advertised. Three sisters rubbed horse liniment on their cough-racked chests in the pathetic belief that it would cure them of tuberculosis.

Shocking as these examples are, they are concerned with only a few of the victims. Think of the people who have died because of their faith in worthless nostrums as a cure for diabetes. Consider the men and women who are at this moment ruining their health by the use of antifat preparations containing the injurious drug of dinitrophenol and thyroid. Just two months ago the daily papers reported a series of deaths caused by the careless marketing of the drug "elixir of sulfanilamide." And the Food and Drug Administration is powerless in many cases to take effective action because the law is full of loopholes. It has been im-

possible to date to get the law properly modified because of the opposition of those who must have profits at any cost.

Another type of crime which is quite widespread is that of bribery. It is one of the methods used to influence legislators and to prevent the passage of legislation needed to correct abuses and to change quasi-criminal acts into definitely criminal ones. Bribery may be concerned with public officials or private persons. It may be direct or indirect. In many cities and states an enormous amount of bribery occurs in connection with the purchase of supplies or of land for public purposes, the granting of franchises, the enactment of legislation, and the enforcement of municipal and state regulations. Public officials grow wealthy on the bribes which they receive not only from the agents of the underworld but from important financial and commercial concerns as well.



### *On Guard*

The late G. K. Chesterton always wore an Inverness cape, instead of an overcoat, and carried a sword cane. One day I asked him why he went thus armed. "All my life," he replied, "I have hoped that some day, while walking down the street, I would hear the cry of a lady in distress. I would rush to her rescue, the villain would grab my cane and thus unsheath my sword, and I would be ready to defend her. I am an incurable romantic."

"M" in This Week

# The Wisdom of the Body

Reserve, balance, compensation

By RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D.†

Condensed from *The New England Journal of Medicine*\*

**Most** persons think of an autopsy as something discouraging, because it shows how disease has conquered a man. But the surprising thing to me, as I have had the opportunity to see about 5,000 autopsies, was the inspiration that has come to me through seeing in them the wisdom not of the human mind but of the human body.

I suppose you have sometimes wondered, as I have, why we have to have so many feet of intestines. There are all sorts of physiologic reasons, of course, but one of them undoubtedly is that something may happen to any one of us any day whereby a skillful surgeon may have to take out four or five feet of our intestines. We are just as well off without it because we have such an ample reserve.

The reserve stored in the lungs struck me particularly 30 years ago. I had the honor to know Dr. Trudeau. He became pretty lonely sometimes up there in the cold winters at Saranac. I visited him occasionally, and he frequently asked me to examine his lungs. It amused him. I got used to the fact that over one lung I could hear no

breath sounds whatever, and so had reason to believe that it was nearly functionless. There was very little to hear over the upper half of the other one. Yet he was able not only to get on but to excel. Why, you should have seen the way he would go! Twice as much alive as you or I! He was the king of men, not only in medicine but in doing whatever there was to be done in that district. He had so much reserve in his lungs that he could do twice as much with half of one lung as you or I could do with two!

A combination of balances constitutes our health: the balance of temperatures, of various chemical elements entering and leaving the body, of water and of the total reaction of the body.

Take the acid-alkali balance. Of course, you all know that the body has to be kept very close to neutral, and does in fact stay there. That seems natural enough, until we remember that almost everything we do drives our bodies to one side of neutral or to the other. If you ran round this room fast, your body would go over to the acid side. If you eat a big meal with many green

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*†Professor of clinical medicine emeritus, Harvard Medical School.*

*\*8 Fenway, Boston, Mass. Nov. 18, 1937.*

vegetables, you are pushed to the alkali side. Our balance in the relation of acid to alkali—how could it be kept if it were not for the production, now of acids, now of alkalies, in the body?

I once asked a chemist to give me a figure of speech to show how closely our acid-alkali balance has to be kept if we are to live. You may remember at Chicago during the World's Fair there was a thermometer 100 feet high. This physical chemist told me that the human body compared to that thermometer could not stand the rise and fall of more than *three inches* in 100 feet (representing balance of acid and alkali) without death.

Compensation is one of the most familiar of facts to doctors. One of the most outstanding examples of compensation I ever saw was at the Canton Hospital for Crippled Children. Dr. Fish showed us a little boy with infantile paralysis who could not use his legs at all, but had learned to walk on his hands instead. He was happy and proud about it and would show off, walking on his hands and with his legs folded up behind his head. He walked on his hands down the hall and up the platform. By work hypertrophy his arms had grown enormously. They were twice as big as ordinary boys' arms, and I saw him later sitting in the pitch-

er's box of the school's baseball field and pitching a very swift curved ball.

You know, of course, how often a person suffers injury to his kidney in an automobile accident. As the wheel passes over the body the 12th rib cuts into the kidney, and the kidney is so damaged that it has to be removed. It is perfectly safe for the surgeon to remove it because the other kidney is sure to double its size by compensatory hypertrophy. We do not always stop to think what happens when the kidney duplicates its size. It is as complicated a machine as an automobile. Think of the wisdom of the body that can duplicate at need the machinery of the remaining kidney so that one can get along just as well with a single kidney as he did before with two!

If you sprain your wrist, the wisdom of the body wants to put on a splint, so it makes your wrist stiff and sore and swollen. It has an internal splint before the surgeon puts on the external one.

Antitoxin, which we think of as manufactured outside the body, the body itself manufactures. Long before we had diphtheria antitoxin the body manufactured enough of it inside the body to result in cure in 60% of the cases, and so with the other infectious diseases. Typhoid fever, over which we have

no therapeutic control whatever, used to discourage us; it was said that we had 10% mortality. We were not proud that we had a 90% cure by the body's defense mechanisms.

Recall what the leukocytes do in the way of warding off infection! Every time you get a splinter in your finger you might have blood poisoning if it were not for leukocytes that come rushing to your aid and build with their bodies a wall between the attacking bacteria and the blood stream. In an appendix operation, think of the millions and millions of leukocytes organized around the appendix to wall it off and so to defend the peritoneum. Young men cannot realize as I do the former feats of the body in surgery. Have you ever seen an appendix extracted through the abdominal wall by the wisdom of the body, without surgery? I have. You have all seen, I suppose, an appendix abscess evacuated through the rectum by the surgery slowly but efficiently done by the healing powers of the body.

I can sum all this up by describing one case. I once saw an autopsy on a man killed by an automobile. He was brought into the hospital almost dead. He was 65 years old and had never been sick. He had never called a doctor. He had never used medicine. He had always been

perfectly well. His wife came with him and told us these things. I was at the autopsy. We found four fatal diseases. And the man in perfect health! That hit me between the eyes.

What were these four diseases? The man had *pulmonary tuberculosis*. We felt something hard at the top of one pulmonary apex. The knife edge was broken on a stone in the lung—lime salts—walling off a focus of tuberculosis so that it was harmless. We found *arterio-sclerosis*, with high blood pressure, I suppose, and with a big heart which had compensated for that. He had a considerable degree of *chronic nephritis*, but there was enough sound kidney left to carry on satisfactorily. He also had *cirrhosis of the liver*. He was a bartender and not a total abstainer. But he still had liver substance enough to do the liver's chemical work, and the vascular work of carrying the intestinal blood back to the heart was done by a new set of blood vessels running over and under the liver and so carrying the blood around it and back to the heart. So much for the facts. Now for their interpretation.

These things are made possible by the wisdom of the human body. This man had four fatal yet perfectly harmless diseases. He was a well man until he was killed by an

automobile! We say that this is done by the healing power of nature. But what is nature? It is an imaginary entity, a superstition, one of those generalities like liberty, fraternity, equality. You see statues of them in Paris. You know there is no such thing. What are the characteristics of this power? The first is that it has superhuman wisdom. We all admit the wisdom of the healing powers at work in the body, powers which our therapeutics are a very long distance behind. Secondly, the power is extraordinarily biased in favor of life as against death. It does not win every time, and it still leaves plenty of work for all us doctors to do; but still it does about ten times as much as all that we can do to keep life from being overcome by death. We see, then, a force that has superhuman wisdom and that cares tremendously about life. It is always on the job, and does not make half so many wrong diagnoses as I.

Where does this force come from? Where do we get the healing substances in our tissues? Out of our food and water and the air we breathe, that is, out of the bounty of the universe. We cannot make food, air or water. We find the air

and the water; we cultivate our food which comes out of the cosmos which has created us and gives us the life that brought us here today. Now, if we see in our medical work a power superhuman in wisdom and in goodness, one that works all the time and that comes out of the cosmos, I do not see why we should not call it by its natural name. I do not see why we should be afraid of that name. It is perfectly obvious that it is God. Why should we physicians be afraid to use those letters, G-O-D? That is the only proper word that represents those facts; "nature" is a very foolish word to use for them, for no one knows what that word means, So instead of "the healing power of nature" we should say "the healing power of God." It is the power of God on which each one depends today for the fact that he is here instead of being underneath the earth.

There is no reason, then, so far as I see, why doctors should be afraid of the simple, old-fashioned word, God. The medical profession has learned in studying disease more about the meaning of this word than the vast majority of the so-called religious people. Why not tell the truth?



The reason so few people are agreeable in conversation is that each is thinking more on what he intends to say than on what others are saying; we never listen when we are very desirous to speak. La Rochefoucauld.



# Hitler in Oberammergau

Passion Play by A. Rosenberg

By CHARLES CARTER BOLDRICK

Condensed from *The Rock*\*

There are times when cold print is brutal in bluntness; there are times when the bluntness hides a cruelty starker still. Cold print it was that told of the Bavarian Catholic schools being closed—Bavarian, in whose south alone 1,550,000 out of a total of 1,680,000 inhabitants are Catholics. But behind the brutal bluntness with which it was said that “such villages as Oberammergau with their centuries-old Catholic traditions, have been deprived of their customary confessional schools without any opportunity to register protest effectively”—behind that print I could see the cruelty being perpetrated there.

I recalled those mornings at week-day Mass in the parish church of Oberammergau when, with subdued shuffling, the school children would troop in. The boys with their round, clipped heads, and their leathern breeches; the girls with plaited hair and bright, clean aprons; all with their book-sacks with dangling slate sponges slung precisely on their backs. And they would sing the good old German hymns in a way that surely pleased the angels and saints whose carved images leaned and swayed, with baroque indifference to gravity,

from every possible vantage point.

And those little children, who needed only long hair and flowing robes to fit them for their parts in the Passion Play, to represent the little ones Our Lord loved to have near Him—I wonder who will teach them now? Some drillmaster, perhaps, with newly-coined philosophies of “blood and soil.” Or, perhaps, some local Judas, who has heard the clinking coin of a tyrant’s temporary favour. Poor Oeterle und ’Ria! I wonder will they still march in church on Assumption Day, half hidden by their huge bouquets of wild flowers brought to be blessed and taken home and cherished for a year.

I wonder do the Ammergauers still greet each other with that *Gruss Gott* so indicative of the ingrained faith of the Alpine people.

And when the cold print says that “11 private monastery schools were likewise closed,” I wonder if it means the one at Ettal, just over the Lamer Mountain from Oberammergau? There in the great enclosure, dominated by the doomed church with its exquisite baroque carvings, fortunate boys learned to know and love God and their Fatherland. There, too, on Assumption Day

\*P. O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. Jan., 1938.

came the reverent crowds of gaily-dressed peasants to honour our Lady of Ettal and pray before her storied statuette. I wonder; but then Ettal is old; Ettal has seen Louis the Bavarian and Napoleon and other tyrants. Ettal can wait.

I remember, too, the celebration of the birthday of Ludwig II, dead these 50 years. But with lights and bands and bonfires the Ammergauers still mark his birthday, for he loved them and their countryside, and they love him and revere the memory of his benefactions. He it was who protected and patronized their Passion Play, and as a token of his royal regard endowed the village with the monumental Crucifixion Group there on the hill.

And I wonder if, 50 years from now, these school children will celebrate instead the birthday of one who would twist the extended arms of their Cross in a crooked swastika. And wondering I doubt.

The Passion Play has its Judas and its rabble; perhaps the Passion

village is living its famous drama in their daily life. That village once so peaceful, so Catholic in the full sense of that word, is being drawn closer to its Lord along the road He travelled, the road of the Cross.

The Ammergauers love the Cross. It has become the symbol of their beautiful village. From the crag of Kofel it looks down on the village; in the fields it stands, and it hangs on stable walls and in the houses; each turn in the forest walk lends its setting to the Cross. It is the *meisterwerk* of their inimitable art, the dearest thing in their life, and now it throws its shadow deeper on them all.

So it is, that while I grieve for them I do not fear for them. I know their love for the Cross. And when this trial has passed, and the pagan swastika has been relegated to its proper pagan place, the Cross will still look down from Kofel, and the Crucifixion Group will still stand out against its background of fir trees.



### *Simply Divine*

According to well-founded rumors in Berlin and Munich, the unique religious spectacle known as the Passion Play of Oberammergau is to be secularized and transformed into a colossal dramatic display glorifying the rise of the New Germany and ending with an apotheosis of the Fuehrer.

The preparations for this amazing change are in the hands of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, the fiery iconoclast who is the head of the *Reichskulturkammer*—the neat and crisp name for the "Chamber of German Culture."

W. Stephen Bush in *The St. Paul Pioneer Press* (6 Feb. '38)

Saint who liked Rats

## Angelic Negro

By RUBY FAY, T.O.S.D.

Condensed from *Pax*\*

**Born** in Lima, December 9, 1579, he was the son of a Spanish Knight and a Panama Negress. Little Martin's trials began in his cradle; for when Don Juan de Porres beheld a black baby he recoiled in horror, abandoning both mother and child. In consequence, the child grew up amidst great privations, and even his mother, whom desertion by Juan de Porres made very bitter, did not fail to inflict her resentment on Martin at the slightest provocation. Thus the little boy's childhood knew nothing of that love universally regarded as a prerogative of child-life. Reminded frequently that he was born in disgrace and that his existence was an encumbrance even to his mother, Martin's impressionable years were lived out under cruel blows and the cowering fear and oppression which, child-psychologists assure us, are enough to break and degrade the most lofty spirits.

Though unloved by his mother, and scorned by his neighbors, Martin was really an attractive little boy, possessing all the intense devotion and affectionate loyalty so characteristic of the Negro child's heart. It was not so much the stripes that hurt, as the persecution by those

whom he loved and ought to have loved him.

When Martin reached the age of eight, Juan de Porres, remembering him for once, placed him in a poor school in Santiago de Guaquil where he held some government position. There the boy received some sort of elementary education until he was 12 years old. Afterwards he returned to his native city and was apprenticed to a barber-surgeon as his assistant to learn the art of healing. It was in this capacity that Martin showed such wonderful penetration of all human suffering. All the snubs and unkindness thrust upon him instead of resentment had carved in Martin's soul a conviction that the lowest in the scale was due to him. He was made to feel down-trodden all his life, but unlike most people who are repulsed, there was harmony between his aspiration and his humiliations. So we find that lovable trait of compassion overflowing to the lowest of God's creatures. He cherished something of a Franciscan care for his "brothers" the rats, that were hunted to death by the citizens of Lima, but fed regularly by Martin. Whilst out-cast dogs found in him a gentle master who bound up and healed

\*181 E. 93rd St., New York City. Feb., 1938.

their cuts and bites, and shared with them his food.

As doctor's assistant he healed and comforted the distressed of Peru. The poor and oppressed laid their troubles before Martin and knew they were understood and would not be refused; he was the sort of friend to whom they naturally told things. His understanding of human suffering was intuitive. Those who were privileged to know his interior life concentrate on his remarkable humility, but to the masses he was best known—and still is best remembered in America—for his universal charity and his unlimited confidence in the providence of God. His sympathy for rats is almost proverbial. They were the despised creatures of the earth among whom it pleased him to number himself as a brother.

At the age of 22 the young Negro offered himself to the Dominican Provincial of Peru and entered the Convent of the Holy Rosary in his native city as a tertiary. It has been said that Brother Martin "travelled third because there was no fourth"; and so for nine years he carried out his works of charity as physician and universal provider to needy Spaniards and Indians in that capacity. Then only, under obedience, did he receive the habit of a regular lay brother of the First Order.

Martin's frequent excursions with medicine and food to the poor of Lima did not pass unnoticed; and within a few years the entire city was familiar with the kindly-faced youth who, it was whispered, healed the sick by the very touch of his hand. Indeed such a chapter of extraordinary events was the life of Martin, that he is known in America to-day as "the modern Thaumaturge." He read the innermost secrets of hearts, and worked wonderful conversions. The closed doors and walls, we are told, were no obstacles to reaching the objects of his works of mercy, whilst travellers abroad bore witness to his gift of bilocation. He was granted visions and conversed with saints and angels, leading all the time a life of heroic austerity as complement to his great charity—for the existence of charity necessitates penance.

When an epidemic descended upon Lima, carrying off vast numbers of the poor population, Martin found extensive demands on his knowledge of healing, and his activities carried him further afield. But the charity of a saint is by no means exhausted by a plague; rather it outruns it, and Martin not only nursed, comforted and healed, but also dug graves, lest any should be in want of Christian burial through lack of workers. That he should carry home to his own cell a man,

filthy and suffering from gangrenous sores, and doctor him on his own bed, is perhaps what we might expect of a person like Martin. For a saint lives on a plane above the senses; his eyes are opened to a new world, he does not see the filth or the horror of such things, because his eyes are fixed on Christ who is hidden within the sufferer. He sees only Christ the All-Beautiful beneath a disguise from which those who have not yet reached perfection shrink back in disgust.

The incidents recorded of Martin's humility are characteristic of the Negro's child-like heart and single-mindedness. It is difficult to imagine his anxiety on hearing of the many debts of his convent, and the earnestness with which he besought his Prior to sell him as a slave in order to pay them! Were the average Dominican lay brother of today to offer himself to be sold under such circumstances he might at least provide amusement for the community. But Martin did not make suggestions for the sake of being dramatic; he had been thinking of a solution, and that he should be sold seemed to him only a small punishment for his sins. To the unenlightened spectator such contempt of self in one clearly virtuous may appear unreal and even preposterous; but the saint measures his responsibilities to God according to

the measure of graces received, and the more he knows God and experiences His presence, the more easily he recognizes God hidden in his neighbor, and perceives many other spiritual interpretations that we miss. So Martin, when his offer was not accepted by the Prior, had recourse to the practice of even greater poverty than he already exercised. His habit was patched until hardly a piece of the original material remained; he would not take the responsibility of having anything new; someone had first to wear it until all traces of good appearance had vanished.

In his 60th year, 1639, Martin's life ended. The friars tried to persuade him to take the remedies which he had so often used to cure the sick at the Convent gates, but Martin declared that God had finished with him on the earth. "Then when the disease was rapidly consuming him he called for the entire community and earnestly besought their pardon for his offenses. And fixing his eyes on the crucifix which he held in his hand, Martin breathed forth his innocent soul to its Creator at the words (of the Creed) 'the Word was made Flesh' which those standing around his bed were reciting."

Martin was dead. The news pierced the heart of Lima like a knife; and the Dominican Convent



was besieged with thousands of devout mourners who begged to look upon the mortal remains of the servant of God for the last time. For that instinctive conviction which runs like a current among the faithful when a saint departs from this earth, was very strong throughout the Catholic people of Peru; and he who had been a "thaumaturge" in life did not cease to exercise his

power in death. Brother Martin was beatified by Pope Gregory XVI in 1837—almost 200 years after his death. That is just 100 years ago; and ever since he has continued to shower favors upon those who have recourse to his intercession. But though his life-story has spread to many lands, Martin is most widely known in his native continent as the wonder-worker of Lima.



### *Affectionately*

I shall never forget the first time I entered the Cathedral of Antwerp when I was a young man, and saw Ruben's painting of the Assumption. I was quite aware that his picture of the Descent from the Cross, in the same Cathedral, was regarded as superior, but for some reason I was then more impressed by the Assumption.

Although I am not a Catholic, I always attend a Catholic church on this day (feast of the Assumption). Since 1928, the nearest Catholic church to where I live in August is at Port Austin, Michigan, eight and one-half miles from my home. I go to this church every year on that day to do honor to our Lady. It should be remembered that the Catholics do not worship the Virgin Mary; they worship only God. But they venerate Mary and pray to her.

Ian Maclaren said that he was once traveling in Europe, and entered an ancient cathedral. There was an old woman praying, and he knelt beside her. As they came out together, she asked, "Are you a Catholic?" "No, madam." "Don't you ever pray to the Blessed Virgin?"

"No, my dear." "Oh, sir, you are a man and perhaps cannot understand. I am a woman, and you cannot imagine what a comfort it is to have a woman to pray to!"

Men and women of all branches of spiritual faith might well venerate not only reverently but affectionately our Lady.

William Lyon Phelps.

# On the Scent of Scents

How your nose knows

By J. F. CAIUS

Condensed from *The New Review*\*

In the annals of the Royal House of Fashion everything points to the world-wide triumph of sweet-smelling scents. They are simply irresistible; and in a figurative sense—though not the one usually intended—it may be said that the overwhelming majority of men and women are led by the nose.

Certain bodies have the property of constantly giving off to the atmosphere extremely minute particles of their substance. These tiny particles, although much too small to be perceived by the organs of touch or taste, are readily appreciated by the organ of smell and produce what we call an *odor*.

The fact that smells are transmitted through space, like light and sound, has suggested the possibility that they may depend upon a vibratory movement of some medium. This hypothesis, although occasionally defended in modern times, seems to be altogether incompatible with experience. The more common view is that odoriferous bodies emit particles which, as a rule at least, are in gaseous form. Nor is actual contact with the odoriferous body necessary, for smells are absorbed at a distance by certain substances such as water, milk, res-

ins, oils, blotting paper, wool; the smell of tobacco clings to woollen curtains, while hay soaked in water absorbs the smell of paint, and butter set beside fish in the icebox acquires a fishy flavor.

The fineness of the particles is remarkable; if the air conveying an odor be filtered through a tube packed with cotton wool and inserted into the nose, a smell is still discernible. To realize the significance of this experiment, it must be borne in mind that this process of filtering removes micro-organisms less than 1/100,000 of an inch in diameter. How minute these particles are may also be gathered from the fact that a grain of musk or vanilla will scent an apartment for years, without appreciable loss of weight after that length of time. Nevertheless, the particles emitted are material and can be made to disappear. It is true that repeated washing will fail to remove the smell from a fabric charged with vanillin vapors; but the moment the tissue is treated with bisulphite, the odor will instantly vanish. The experiment not only proves that odoriferous bodies emit material particles, but also that the sense of smell is a chemical sense. Indeed,

\*30 Park St., Calcutta, India. Jan., 1938.

the unaided nostril can rival the spectroscope in the detection and analysis of unweighable amounts of matter.

The sensation of smell is aroused, not by the transmission of wave-motions through air or ether, but by the actual contact of material particles with the sense-organ. The odorous particles may be given off by volatile substances in our immediate surroundings, or be brought from a distance by currents of air. They are received into the nose in the act of inspiration; if we wish to get the full fragrance of a flower, we sniff at it; so long as we hold the breath, we smell nothing. The particles are conveyed to the olfactory epithelium by currents in the air or by simple gaseous diffusion, and, after solution in the moisture of the membrane, act chemically upon the sensitive hairs of the sense-cells. Thus the scent of flowers and the stench of putrefaction are due to vapors of chemical substances. Not all vapors or gases, however, are capable of acting as stimuli to the sense-cells; the odoriferous character evidently depends upon some peculiarity of structure. There can be no doubt that the action of stimuli upon the organ of smell is chemical in nature. A substance is therefore odorous or inodorous by virtue of its chemical constitution. In fact, it is always possible to point to the

existence of active atoms in the molecule of an odorous substance; smell leads to the heart of the molecule and often tells the chemist how the atoms are put together.

As with other sensations, the only direct knowledge we can obtain of olfactory sensations is from introspective examination of our olfactory experience; and this introspective examination is particularly difficult in this case. There are some people who seem devoid of all sense of smell; there are others who are incapable of perceiving certain smells. Many people, for instance, are unable to smell the odor of bitter almond; others are unable to perceive the fragrance of benzoin or vanilla; for others mignonette has no smell, nor have violets. There is, therefore, a considerable range in the degree of sensitivity of different individuals; and even the same person may exhibit various degrees of sensitivity at different times. It has been estimated in the case of heliotropine the same individual could be 50 times less sensitive from one day to another.

All these differences make it difficult to come to definite conclusions, and the uncertainties of science are reflected in popular speech. There are no names for odors other than those of the objects that give rise to them: we speak of the smell of onions or leek,

of the lily or of the rose, of cheese, of fish, and so on; we refer to smells in such general vague terms as "fruity" or "flowery." We therefore have no special names to designate special odors and distinguish one odor from another, with the exception of the general affective terms "pleasant" and "unpleasant." The difficulty is increased by the fact that the tactual and taste qualities mix with the olfactory. The sweet odor of chloroform is really a taste. The odor of ammonia is largely pain, and the resulting holding of the breath adds a feeling of suffocation.

When all has been said, we know little about the nature and number of adequate olfactory stimuli. An attempt has been made at classifying the various odoriferous substances with reference to the general similarity of response produced by them; but the result is disappointing and there is little to recommend this classification.

Nevertheless, as in the other sense departments, it is possible to determine thresholds, both absolute and differential, for odors. By taking known amounts of odoriferous substances and diluting them to known extents, the minimal amount of each substance that can cause a sensation may be expressed by weights. By this method such figures as the following are obtained: camphor is

perceived in a dilution of 1 part to 400,000; musk, 1 part to 8,000,000; vanillin, 1 part to 10,000,000; while mercaptan, the vilest-smelling compound that man has so far prepared, may be detected in a dilution of 1/23,000,000 of a milligram in 1 litre of air, or 1/460,000,000 of a milligram in 50 cubic centimetres of air.

The qualities of smell have certain relations with the physical properties of substances. In practically every instance it may be shown that the smell is due to chemical groups or radicals. There is, moreover, an intimate connection between smell and volatility. It is known that changes of temperature modify the intensity of smells; iso-vanillin, which at ordinary temperature has a complex odor of vanillin and anise, smells frankly of vanillin when heated. Furthermore, the modern chemist by adding, removing, or changing atoms and groups of atoms in the molecule, is able to bring about definite modifications in the odor of a substance.

At first sight it all looks so very extraordinarily simple that one naturally wonders why chemists have not yet laid down hard and fast rules for the preparation of scents. The reason for this reserve on the part of the chemical tribe is to be found in the proverbial fly in the ointment; such a big fly too! Why,

for example, should compounds of widely divergent chemical structure often have a very similar odor? The smells of camphor, anise, lemon, cinnamon, peppermint, etc., are produced by compounds which vary widely in their chemical structure; the chemical anatomy of artificial musks bears no resemblance to muskone, the main odoriferous constituent of the oil obtained by steam distillation of the secretion from the musk deer. Again, why should many compounds of similar chemical structure smell differently?

Enough has been said to show that there *is* a relation between chemical structure and odor. More than this cannot be said, for the chemist does not yet know enough

to tell for certain, from looking at the structural diagram, what sort of odor the compound will have, or even whether it will have any. It must be remembered that there is no royal road in chemical research; each step has to be made more or less at random, for the investigator is in an unknown country, unmap-ped and uncharted. Or, in the words of a great English chemist: "In these days every landmark in the field of chemistry is like Alice's flamingo-croquet-mallet when you refer to it, the creature curls up into an interrogation mark and looks into your face; and every cornerstone resembles her hedgehog-croquet-ball, which, just before you can use it, gets up and walks away."



### *Dexterous*

is from the Latin *dexter*, pertaining to, or situated on, the right hand. As there are more right-handed than left-handed people, the right hand is obviously used more than the left, and therefore it has always been regarded as the more useful hand. Any expertness in manual labor was therefore attributed to the right hand, which may explain why it has in the past been regarded as the hand of favor. The place of honor at a banquet, for example, is at the right hand. The Scriptures tell us that Christ is seated at the right hand of the Father, as an indication of favor and power. Later the word *dexterous* acquired a derived meaning, indicating expert use of the body and limbs, with no reference whatever to the right hand. *Sinister*, left, connotes something unfavorable, exactly the opposite of *dexter*.



# The Earth-Grazing Planet

Close shave

By J. P. ROWLAND, S.J., B.Sc., F. R. A. S.

Condensed from *The Tablet*\*

On October 28, 1937, Herr K. Reinmuth, at Konigstuhl, Germany, found, on two photographic plates simultaneously exposed for two hours, the trail of a rapidly moving object in the constellation of the Fishes, the trail showing a movement of nearly three-quarters of a degree in the two hours. The rapidity of the movement showed that the object was relatively near to the earth, but the direction of the movement could not be determined from these two plates alone.

Attempts to recover the object on October 29th and 30th were unsuccessful, but fortunately it was found on four plates exposed at Sonneberg, and two at Heidelberg, between October 26th and 29th, and from these observations the position of the object has been determined at certain definite times.

From the data available it is calculated that the planet was at its nearest to the earth on October 31st, when its distance was only about 400,000 miles. It may appear to savour of hyperbole to speak of an object at this distance as "earth-grazing," but astronomically this distance is very small, and is a closer approach to the earth than that of any other known celestial

body except the moon, whose distance is 240,000 miles. The new planet, which has not yet received a name, but is provisionally designated "Object 1937 UB," is the fourth new body to make a relatively close approach to the earth in the past six years, the others passing at distances of 10,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  and  $1\frac{1}{3}$  million miles, respectively. It seems probable that these bodies are members of a family of small planets whose orbits lie within the orbit of the earth, akin to the Asteroids, of which over 1,000 have been discovered, whose orbits lie between those of Mars and Jupiter. It is of interest to note that the first and largest of the Asteroids was discovered by a Theatine priest, Giuseppe Piazzi, at Palermo, on January 1st, 1801, and on his suggestion was named Ceres, after the tutelary goddess of Sicily, but whilst the diameter of Ceres has been determined as 480 miles, that of the latest object has been estimated to be not more than 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Compared with the earth its size is about as that of a speck of dust to a football.

It is natural, however, to speculate on what would be the effect if at some time it should come into direct collision with the earth, and

\*39 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4, England. Jan. 29, 1938.

it can be said that undoubtedly, if such an event occurred, it would produce, over a large region around the point of impact, a catastrophe of the first magnitude. The earth travels round the sun with a velocity of about 19 miles per second, and the velocity of the small planet in its orbit will be of the same order of magnitude. In the case of a direct impact the gravitational attraction of the earth would cause great increase in the velocity of approach of the two bodies, and it has been estimated that the violence of the impact would result in the explosive gasification of a large part of the small planet and of the surface of the earth where it struck, with the formation of a crater about

a mile deep and 50 miles in diameter, whilst the outrush of flame and heated air would complete devastation over a vast area to a distance of perhaps 100 to 200 miles radius.

A crater of this kind, but on a much smaller scale, exists in Arizona, the dimensions in this case being about 600 feet deep and 4,000 feet in diameter, which is supposed to have been caused by the fall of a giant meteor in relatively recent geological time—perhaps a few thousand years ago. Disastrous, however, as would be the local effect of a direct impact of the Reinmuth planet, its effect on the earth as a whole would be negligibly small, though the shock would no doubt be recorded on all seismographs.



### *The Priest*

It has often struck me that one of the differences between the Catholic and the Anglican Church is this: in the Anglican Church personality is all-important: a clergyman attracts attention and commands a following by his personality, or even by his peculiarities; by being a pillar box, as it were, if it were painted sky-blue.

In the Catholic Church a priest is like an ordinary pillar box, indistinguishable from a million others; but sometimes, owing to the sanctity of an individual priest, one of these pillar boxes will become as transparent as crystal, and the light within it will shine upon the world like the lamp of a lighthouse.

From *Have You Anything to Declare* by Maurice Baring (Knopf, 1937).



### *The Mass*

Why is the Mass not appreciated as a power for good in peoples' lives? Because they have not learned to apply it to the solution of their moral problems. They have thought of it perhaps as a blind act of Sunday morning worship, only for a half hour, and for themselves and their God. Once the social character of the Mass is realized it is bound to make a new high in Catholic social life. Once the dignity of man, because of his connection with Christ, is realized, we can expect to see a new high in morals.

Gualbert Brunzman, O.S.B., in *The Grail*.

# Rumor

By MONICA GRAHAM

Condensed from *The Grail*\*

Reason takes a walk

If I were an artist, I should like to create a multi-headed monster with numberless tentacles coiling about its shapeless body, a picture that people might shudder at but not easily forget, and I would call that canvas "Rumor."

In all truth, a rumor is a monstrous thing and dangerous, too. Once it is started you can never trace or check its growth. It may die eventually, but it usually dies after having accomplished an incalculable amount of harm.

The other day a fire broke out not far from where I live. I heard that an old malthouse had caught fire early in the afternoon, and the tiny and antiquated fire engine from the nearest town, five miles away, was called out. Later the same day I went to that town where people told me that they *knew* that the fire had spread from the malthouse to the neighboring cottages and that eight of those were already ablaze. In a shop the number easily leaped to a round dozen, and by the time I motored home the number had soared to an unashamed 20, though the hamlet in question does not hold so many. On the way home I ran into a garage mechanic who confirmed the story of the eight

blazing cottages. All the old folks and children were being taken to safety, he said, and plans being made for temporary shelter in the local club room. He added he had been there himself.

In an hour sober facts reached me. The malthouse was indeed blazing away, having caught fire from a heated hay-rick close by. None of the cottages was on fire and the whole thing had been checked at the very beginning.

There you have it—your rumor—but in this case its growth led to disaster. The story about the cottages was broadcast all over the neighborhood, and someone had seen fit to add that the old manor house was also on fire. The young son of the owners heard about it and racing home his auto collided with a lorry round a dangerous corner. The young man was badly injured. Later it came out that he had been actually told by a busy scare-monger that he would not see his mother alive unless he hurried home as fast as he could.

In these disturbing and uncertain days it is all the more necessary to keep to as much accuracy as is possible. I remember a year or two ago the price of bread leaped up in

\**St. Meinrad, Ind. Feb., 1938.*

an English village. Back came our maid and announced very importantly that the rise was due to the war. "What war?" "Ah that one, against what's their name, you know, M'm, them niggers." "Who ever told you?" "Why, the baker himself. An' he says that before we know where we are, everything'll jump up, flour, butter, tea, everything. He says there'd be rations again as soon as 'em ships are coming to block things up . . ." "What ships?" "I dunno, m'm just 'em ships, he said," and I sallied forth to interview the baker. He pretended to know nothing about "em

ships" but he maintained that the price of bread had to be raised because of the Abyssinian affair. I left him, suggesting he might curb his tongue in the future; he scowled.

Meanwhile our busy maid had spread "em ships" all over the hamlet, and an Austrian girl, govern-essing nearby, came in for an unpleasant amount of black looks and loud references to "em spying folks." Fortunately, the village does not stand by the sea; otherwise those folks would have wasted more than one afternoon in trying to spy "em ships" coming to invade England!



### *Why Apologize?*

The first classical public school within the present limits of the U. S. was founded by Catholics in St. Augustine, Florida, in 1606. Elementary schools were maintained by the Franciscans in New Mexico in 1629, four years before the first school was established by any non-Catholic community within the original 13 colonies.

The first university in the New World was St. Mark's, in Lima, Peru. It was founded in 1551 by Charles V of Spain and entrusted to the Dominicans. This was ten years before the Pilgrims landed, and 85 years before Harvard was begun.

The first printing press on the continent was set up in Mexico City by Bishop Juan Zumarraga before the end of 1537.

The first authors of printed books on the continent were missionaries in Mexico, who published 118 volumes by the year 1600.

The first book printed in America was "Doctrina Breve," compiled by Bishop Juan Zumarraga and published in the City of Mexico, June, 1544.

The first library in America was established by Fra Alonso de la Vera Cruz in Mexico City in 1551, at the seminary of St. Paul.

The first hospital in America was founded in Mexico City in 1524, and was dedicated to the Blessed Mother.

The first discoveries of New York's salt springs, of Michigan's copper mines, of Wisconsin's iron mines, were made by Catholic missionaries.

The first planting of wheat and the first use of the plow on the Western prairies was by Catholic missionaries.

The first to introduce oranges on the Pacific coast, sugar cane and the silk worm in the South, were Catholic missionaries.

—Sacred Heart Almanac (1938)

## *Catholic Books of Current Interest*

Poley, Albert S., S. J. *A Modern Goliath*. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$2.50.

In St. John Berchmans the writer sees the real Goliath of courageous life. The author incorporates the recent findings of two Belgian historians, and quotes frequently from the Saint's writings which have hitherto not been used in any biographies of the Saint.

Morgan, Thomas B. *A Reporter at the Papal Court*. New York: Longmans. \$3.

A reporter at the Vatican since 1921 gives a vivid description of the elevation of Cardinal Ratti to the papacy as well as an intimate account of his policies as Pope Pius XI.

McCann, Paul. *A Valiant Bishop Against a Ruthless King*. St. Louis: Herder. \$2.50.

A complete picture of the breakdown of Christianity during the 16th century. Untiring and courageous, St. John Fischer valiantly defends the Church against Luther's heresies, Wolsey's arrogances and Henry's wrong doings.

D'Arcy, M. C., S. J. *Christian Morals*. New York: Longmans. \$2.

These radio speeches broadcast in England in 1936, treat such problems as conscience, moral judgment, socialism and pacifism.

Luna, Arnold. *Spanish Rehearsal*. New York: Sheed. \$2.50.

The author, after describing the actual conditions in the Spanish territory through which he travelled, defends the methods of warfare adapted by the Nationalists.

Attwater, Donald. *The Dissident Eastern Churches*. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$3.50.

A companion to *The Catholic Eastern Churches*, the present work gives the faith, rites, the ecclesiastical and political history of the so-called Orthodox Church.

Walsh, William Thomas. *Philip II*. New York: Sheed. \$5.

A factual, unbiased account of the man against the background of his era.

Sheed, F. J., comp. *Ground Plan for Catholic Reading*. New York: Sheed. 25c paper, 50c cloth.

A bibliography of suggestive Catholic books helpful to the Catholic as well as to the non-Catholic who is intellectually interested in Catholicism.



